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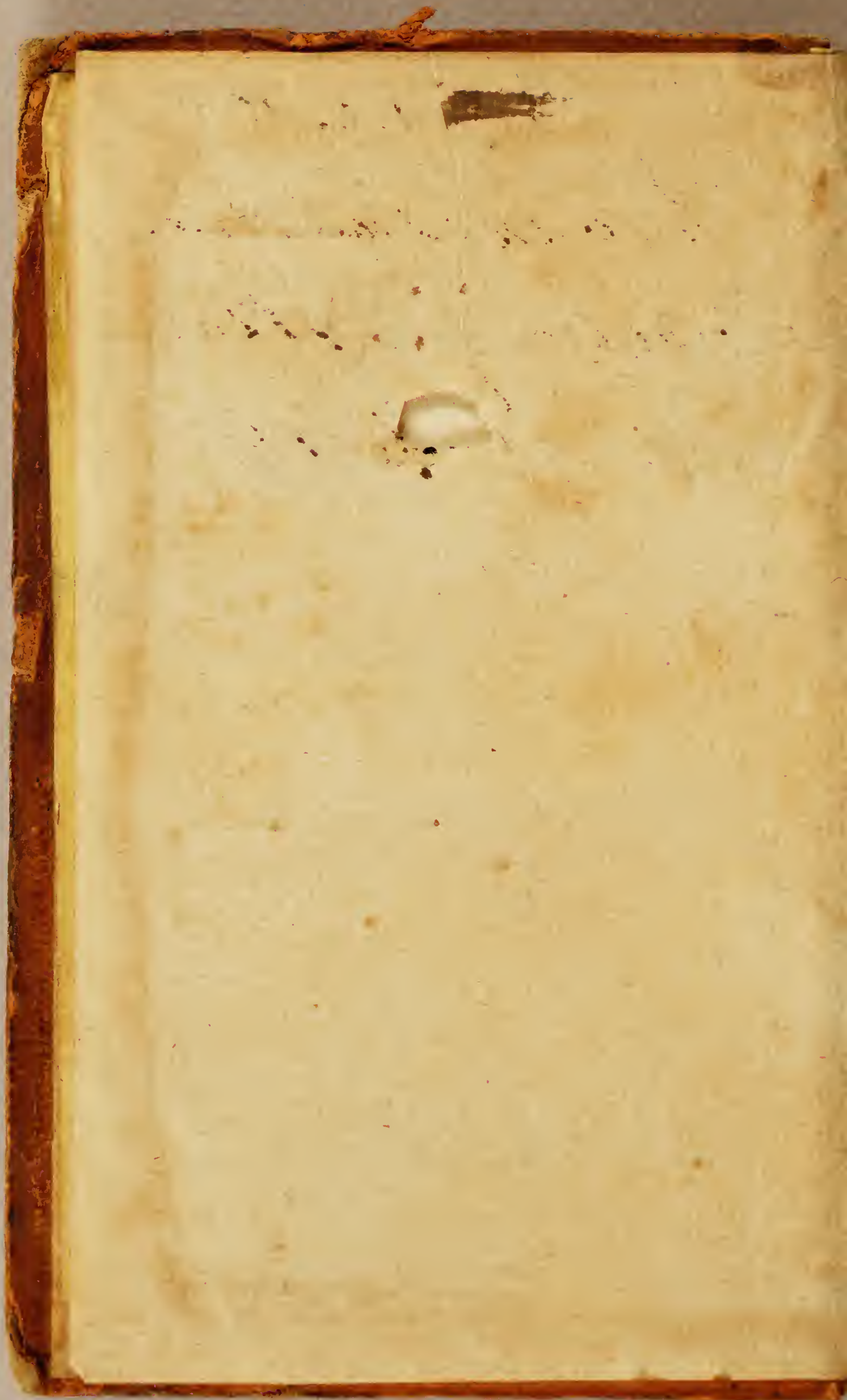
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JULIET GRENVILLE:

OR, THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF THE

H U M A N H E A R T.

THREE VOLUMES IN TWO.

By MR. B R O O K E.

V O L. II.

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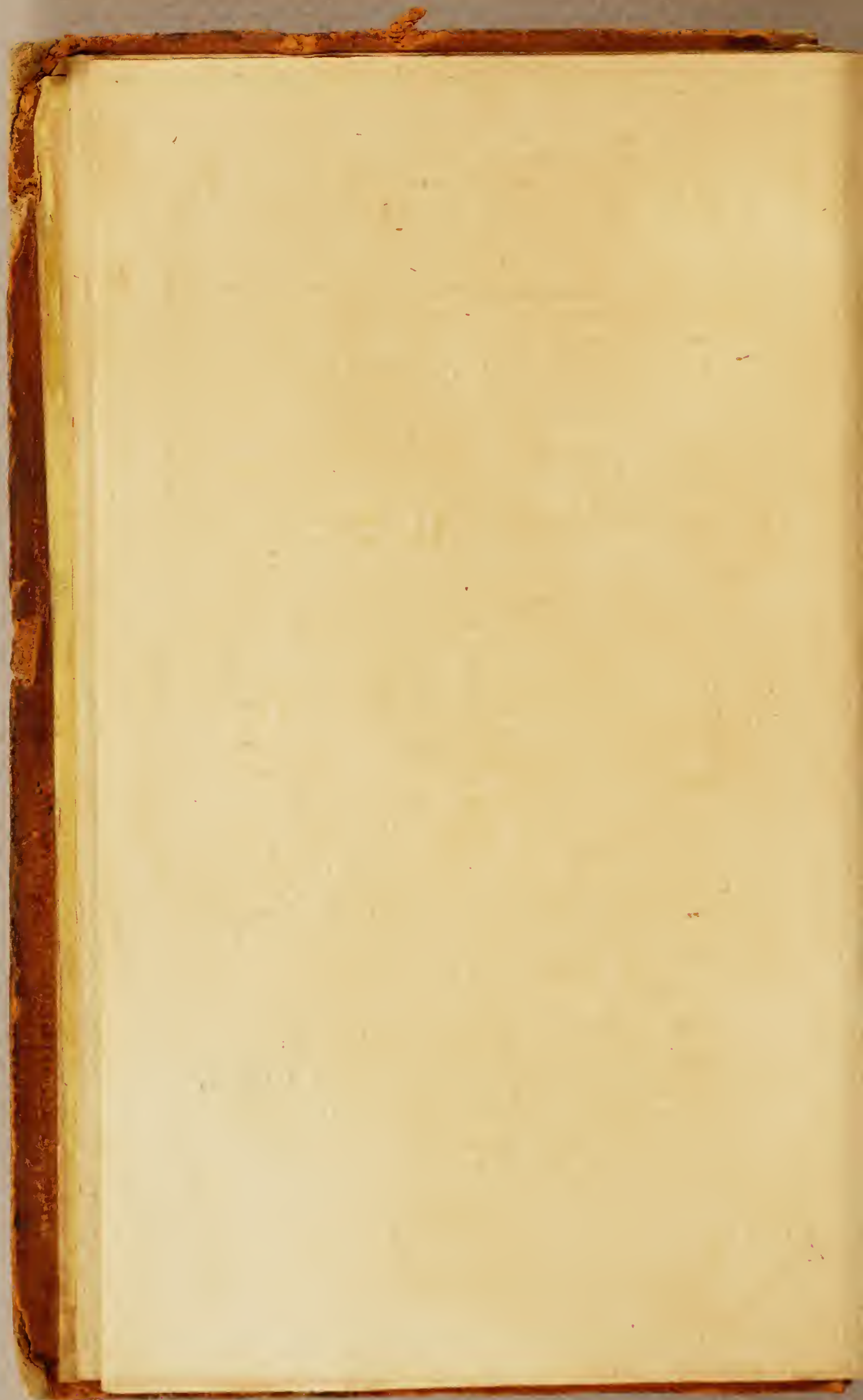
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## JULIET GRENVILLE.

ON the following day after dinner, Mr. Thomason, said my father, I happened yesterday into the company of a species of people who are called philosophers by some, and by some stiled virtuosi. As soon as I was apprised of the quality of my companions, I took joy to myself in expectation of hearing much toward the enlightening of man's understanding, and the refinement of his manners; but never was hungry wight sent emptier away.

After some wanton play, like ducks in a lake, on the surface and externity of terms and ideas, they chopped upon the subject of VIRTUE; and then I trusted to see them dive,

and bring up some pearls of price from the bottom. But, alas for poor virtue ! they so subtilised and divided it between nature and education, action and motive, habit and opinion ; making it one thing among men, and another thing among women ; this thing with the vulgar, and the other thing with the great ; that it finally vanished from among us in the last words of Brutus, “ Virtue and Truth, what “ are ye but a name ? ”

Now, Mr. Thomafon, though I trust that my heart has received little damage, yet I own that my understanding has been greatly bewildered, and that, in a matter of the most infinite importance to mankind. Ah, how singularly would you oblige me, could you lend me a clue to guide me through this labyrinth ! It is not in me, fir, modestly answered Mr. Thomafon ; you remember what Joseph said to Pharaoh, God shall give Mr. GRENVILLE an answer of peace.

Tell me then, my dear young friend, is virtue variable, is it precarious ? does it depend on education or habit, custom, climate, or constitution ?



constitution? is it a different thing in different persons, and different sexes?—No, sir; at all times, in all places, and in all persons, virtue is ever the same, unalterable, invariable.

Say then, I pray you, if it be true, that self-interest, as is allowed and affirmed on all hands, is the motive in all persons to all kind of actions; at what precise period of time or of circumstance, does it happen to become a matter of reproach to one person, and of approbation to another? Or, if the virtue lies in the action, and not in the motive, when and wherein does this effect begin to differ from its cause; and where will you fix the nice and almost imperceptible boundaries between vice and virtue, between that which is amiable and that which is detestable?

Self-interest, my honoured sir, may indifferently happen to be a motive to an action, that, in itself, is either good or evil, either hurtful or beneficent. But, as far as self-interest, merely, is a motive to any action, it never had nor can have any relation to virtue. We must search somewhat deeper for the root of that

tree, which is productive of this divine and paradisiacal fruit.

I will tell you a story, sir ; I learned it in my travels through part of Sweden.

Gustavus Adolphus came young to the throne. One night, while he danced disguised at a ball that was given by his chief minister, the masque of the fairest of his subjects fell off, and she broke with a sudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the assembly ; for, though Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had secreted her far from court, and had tenderly brought her up, like the lily in the vale, unseen and unsullied.

The king felt himself instantly struck with a respectful and humbling sense of inferiority before her : for it is the peculiar prerogative of beauty, that the mighty, and the bold, and the haughty, and even the savage, grow tame and depressed, as in the presence of the immediate representative of Divinity.

Adelaide, in a hurry, caught up her masque, and hastened to cover the perils of her countenance ;



nance ; but the deed was already done ; and her image was impressed on the heart of the monarch as indelibly, as though it had been fixed by the machinery of some engine.

He instantly drew his favourite, Valvaife, aside, and whisperingly gave a precipitate order, that he should discover and bring intelligence who the lady was.

Valvaife zealously obeyed the injunction of his royal patron : he brought him word, that she was a maid of illustrious birth, but little known ; and, where known, admired as a phænomenon or new appearance in nature.

Valvaife had been preferred to favour by a peculiar appointment of Providence. Adolphus, in the chase of a stag, had out ridden his attendants. Being thirsty and fatigued, he turned toward a neat hamlet, that was pleasantly situated at the entrance of a forest. He tied his steed to a tree ; and, drawing near, beheld a young swain at the foot of an oak, intent on a little book that he held in his hand. The youth rose at his approach ; and, having  
gracefully

gracefully saluted him, led him into the house, where he hospitably regaled him with the home-brewed juice of the berry.

Pray, what were you reading? demanded the prince.—A late treatise, sir, on friendship, answered the student.—And what think you of it?—As cold, as if it had been written by an inhabitant of Zembla.—I presume, then, that your own sentiments on the subject are warmer.—As the difference, replied the youth, between the torrid and the frigid zones.—You love your friends well, then?—I should sir, had I any: but I dare not trust myself with such a connection; all the men I ever knew would certainly over-reach me; I should go twice the lengths for them, that they would go for me.—Such a one as you would make a friend for a king.—But then I should never make a friend of a king. I am told that all, who would please the great, must be flatterers; but the true province of friendship is, to mind us of our faults.—For that very purpose I engage you, said Adolphus; I am your king!

The



The youth, all abashed, fell precipitately at his feet ; but the monarch as hastily raised and took him to his embrace.

From that day Valvaife became the favourite and bosom confident of his royal master. He had not, indeed, the burden of the state laid upon him, neither the emoluments of high and envied trusts ; all those he declined, wholly satisfied and happy in being the companion of the private hours, and the intimate of the bosom of his beloved lord.

The moment that Valvaife had given to Adolphus the desired intelligence concerning Adelaide, You must go then, my friend, you must go, said the king, and woo this fair creature in my name. You are a youth of gentle manners, and winning address ; you cannot fail of prevailing in a cause, where your heart will be so warmly interested in behalf of the man you love. Say, I will marry her directly, in the presence of her mother and a few other witnesses in whom we may confide ; but that this must be kept private, at least for a time, for fear of provoking the discontents of  
my

my people, as they expect I should strengthen my kingdom by some foreign alliance. Go, my Valvaife ! my opinion of your truth is fixed as a rock within my soul ; I know your worth to be impregnable, impassible, unassailable.

Valvaife, all transport, all ardour, by his emotions and glowing countenance, pathetically though silently assured his master of a zealous and faithful execution of his commission ; and instantly retired without farther promise.

On the following day, he applied himself to Adelmale, the mother of Adelaide, and flushed her with the ambition and eager desire of seeing her darling offspring exalted to royalty, to happiness consummate. But Adelaide, during a number of visits that he paid her, continued to veil the reality of her sentiments under the semblance of bashful maidenhood and modest reserve.

At length Valvaife grew importunate, and set forth the advantages of his proposal in the most striking lights. He held up to her imagination



nation the personal attractions of his royal patron, accompanied by all the virtues and graces of mind and disposition that ever informed humanity. And, finally, observing to her, that Adolphus was more superior to mankind in private excellencies and attractions than in public station, he urged her assent to an immediate union.

The maid repeated a long and deep fetched sigh ; then raising her head, and giving a side glance that entered the heart of the orator, Tell me, Valvaife, said she, lives there a man upon earth, in whose fuit you would plead so warmly as in that of Adolphus ?—No, madam, not in the universe.—And yet, she blushing and hesitatingly returned, there lives a certain person in whose fuit you might plead with much better success.

Alas, she continued, what is Adolphus to me ? My heart was never formed for pomp or royalty ; it loves the littleness and lowness, the sweet vales and descents of life ; it is as a gentle turtle in the meadows and groves, and seeks not neither can find any kind of joy, save in  
the

the affections of its species, and the cooings of its mate. You, Valvaife, as I am told, are not of haughty descent; your manners are sweetly mild, your person is conformable, and it is the most ardent prayer of Adelaide, that you may be mated to a companion wholly fuitable to yourself.

Ah ! exclaimed Valvaife, whither, whither wouldst thou lead me, thou perilous beauty ? Alas, I was already but too prone to follow the siren of the Syren ; and wanted not the additional enchantment of her voice, to seduce and to sink me into a deeper perdition. But honour, virtue, gratitude, shall stand at my side ; they shall bind me as with chains of adamant, that Adelaide herself shall not be able to loose. No ! though heaven were opened this instant before me, and all the powers and glories and blessedness thereof conditionally offered to me, I would not accept them at the cost of my friend's happiness, or of my own treason. It could not be a heaven to me upon such conditions ; through eternity I should be wretched, in the condemnation of myself.

Unhappy



Unhappy Adelaide, cried the fair one ! what a peculiar severity there is in thy fate—to be excluded from all possibility of hope, by the very virtues that serve to encrease thy passion ! Be it so, then, my friend ; let us be greatly, let us be nobly, let us be willingly miserable ; and let virtue be, to us, in the place of all other enjoyment ! Perish, perish Adelaide, so the faith of my Valvaife live renowned through ages !

O Adolphus, cried the youth, you know not what a sacrifice I make you at this instant ! Yes, thou bright perfection, I must bid a lasting adieu, while there is will, while strength is left to tear myself away ! Adieu, fair enchantment, O, adieu, for—For ever, O, for ever ! is it not so, cried Adelaide ? and her eyes began to fill. Yet, a moment, Valvaife ; you must not debar me of one short farewell, the memory of which may serve, through life and in death, to be my consolation. It is an expression of the esteem which I owe to your honour.

So saying, she broke into tears, and threw her arms about him. The touch instantly thrilled his frame, and flew through his brain like a flash of ascending lightning. But, heroically declining any return to the dear embrace, he kneeled down, seized her hand, pressed it silently to his bosom, hastily rose, and retired.

Adelaide had an only brother, an officer in the king's guards, whose name was Alleran. He came on a visit of affection to his sister, when, approaching, he beheld Valvaise in her arms. He instantly laid his hand on his sword, to wash away the imagined dishonour of his family. But, being struck with the reserved demeanour of Valvaise, he deemed it prudent to make no bustle in the business, till he had called the supposed aggressor to a strict but private account.

During three days, he was in diligent search of the disturber of his repose ; but, unable to procure any intelligence concerning him, he went in his impatience and earnestly besought a private audience of his majesty. He cast him-  
self



self with emotion at the feet of the monarch, and asked, with a respectful ardour, if he had authorised Valvaife in any address to his sister Adelaide?

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide, said the king? if so, I think I may safely put my confidence in you.—Yes, Alleran, I did authorise Valvaife to address your sister; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of his master, in order to exalt and make her the beloved of my bosom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betrayed, most basely betrayed, rejoined Alleran: by all that is sacred to the soul of truth and honour, these eyes beheld that Valvaife fondly circled and caressed within the arms of my sister.

There wanted no more. A cloud of sorrow, black and pregnant with thunders, instantly involved the spirit and aspect of the monarch in darkness. His Valvaife had been too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence without many rueful pangs at the parting.

B. 2.

But,

But, jealousy, disdain, and the uprisings of rage, at finding himself so ungratefully so cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into bitterness; and he consoled himself with the idea of seeing his late favourite expiring in slow agonies and vengeful tortures before him.

He sent pressing orders to have him instantly seized. But, being informed that Valvaise had absconded, he issued hot and hasty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have him proclaimed, pursued, and brought alive to his presence; for he deemed a simple death to be infinitely beneath the satisfaction that was due to his injured friendship; and he wished for the power of prolonging his life, that he might thereby prolong and perpetuate his torments.

Thus Adolphus continued in a state that might envy the most wretched of his vassals, his bosom torn with a variety of distracting and conflicting passions; when, on the fourth day, he received the following letter from his detested, though late, his so dearly beloved.

“ S I R E,



“ S I R E,

“ I am now fifty leagues removed from  
 “ your presence, and trust soon to be past the  
 “ justice of your resentment.—But no, I can-  
 “ not fly it.—Would to heaven I had rather  
 “ stayed, and atoned my crime in part, by  
 “ suffering the punishment that was due to my  
 “ perfidy.—Death would surely, at last, have  
 “ delivered me from you, from myself, from the  
 “ gnawing of the worm that dieth not within  
 “ me, that no absence can mitigate, no distance  
 “ evade!—Yes, Adolphus, your image, your  
 “ friendship, cling fast to my memory; they  
 “ continue to load me with insupportable fa-  
 “ vours, and my soul groans and struggles  
 “ under the unremitting oppression.—And is  
 “ it then possible that I should have betrayed  
 “ you? I can scarce think it possible.—Did I  
 “ not love you with a love passing that of self  
 “ preservation? would I not have bled, have  
 “ died for you, have suffered all extremities  
 “ to bring you any accession of happiness?  
 “ Yes, most assuredly.—Alas, how is it then,  
 “ that my will, against my will, has injured  
 “ you, my master; has mortally wounded  
 “ you in the most vital part, in your love for

“ the too adorable the too fascinating Ade-  
 “ laide!—Ah, why did I enterprise the pe-  
 “ rilous task enjoined me? while I wished,  
 “ while I endeavoured and struggled to serve  
 “ you, I fell in my own weakness; I fell, my-  
 “ self, a prey to her all-subduing beauties.—  
 “ Thus, while I constrained my tongue to  
 “ plead the cause of my king, my eyes must  
 “ have pleaded the cause of the traitor Val-  
 “ vaise. There, there lies the heart and pith  
 “ of my transgression against you. I will not  
 “ deceive you; I will not conceal from you,  
 “ that I have robbed you of a portion of the  
 “ affections of your Adelaide.—But, I will  
 “ avenge you, my master; I will do you ample  
 “ justice upon my own head. I tear myself  
 “ away for ever. No more shall mine eye be-  
 “ hold the heart-cheering face of friendship,  
 “ or the seducing face of love. I tear myself  
 “ for ever from Adolphus, from Adelaide,  
 “ from the two, the only objects within the  
 “ circling moon, that could cast a ray of  
 “ comfort upon my benighted spirit. All  
 “ else is a vacant wild, a vale of horrors and  
 “ desolation.—O misery! But I embrace it;  
 “ my soul shall brood and dwell upon it;  
 “ it



“ it is the portion that I chuse on this side of  
 “ eternity.

“ In the meantime, my lord, be you your  
 “ own advocate. Appear, in your native attrac-  
 “ tions, before the eyes of the deluded beauty,  
 “ and the memory of Valvaife shall quickly fleet  
 “ away, as the gleam of a tranfient meteor  
 “ before the rifing light of the fun.

“ Be happy O Adolphus, be happy in your  
 “ Adelaide, be happy above conception!——  
 “ When I hear that you are fo, a beam of re-  
 “ turning joy may once more inform the breast  
 “ of

“ V A L V A I S E.”

Adolphus, in entering on the first part of  
 this letter, was instantly flung with vexation  
 and difappointment by the fear of being defeated  
 of his revenge on Valvaife. As he proceeded,  
 however, his heart began to be softened by the  
 condemnation which the criminal denounced a-  
 gainft himfelf. But again, when he came where  
 Valvaife dared to avow his paffion for Adelaide,  
 and

and her answering regards, the flame of his resentment rekindled and rose aloft. Yet this fire was much allayed by the subsequent sentiments; and he found himself, at the close, inconsistently agitated by a variety of tumultuous and opposite passions.

He wished not that any eye should see how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and shut himself in; he scanned it over and over; and, pausingly, over again. At every revival, his Valvaife appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent; while the virtues of humanity descended on his soul, as dew on a nightly tempest, and bid the storm be still.

Ah, he cried, Valvaife also, I find is a son of the fallen Adam!—Were any exempt from frailty, he surely had been the man.—Yet, he fought, he resisted; and, when he found he could not prevail, he tore himself from temptation tho' the temptation was Adelaide.—He does more, he detests himself for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature; he denounces endless vengeance upon his own head, for having involuntarily injured the friend, whose happiness



happiness he prefers to his own existence.—This is more than to have conquered : such frailty rises even above perfection !—Return then, my brother ! return, my Valvaife !—You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love ; bereave me not of friendship also, for so should your king be without consolation.—Return I say, my brother ! and I will strive to be your competitor in honour and generosity.—You would deprive yourself of your beloved, for the sake of your friend : but your friend shall return the boon ; he will endeavour to be happy, in the happiness of his Valvaife !

The desolate Valvaife had dispatched the foregoing letter from a house that stood far on his rout to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young students, the one named Duplaife, and the other Christiern ; and, when he came into favour, he prevailed on the minister to prefer his two friends to two lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, justly inferred, that he had a  
right

right of asylum with those who were indebted to him for their honours and emoluments.

Duplaife received his benefactor with transport, and entertained him with magnificence. On the next morning he cautiously entered the chamber of his guest before day. Having gently awaked him,—Pardon, said he, my dear patron, this necessary intrusion! Yesterday, toward noon, a herald arrived and fixed a writing on the townhouse, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thousand ducats proposed for your head. I will not ask how you incurred the displeasure of your king; it is sufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground who lays the foundation in the favour of princes. I trust that you are not known here to any save myself; it may be otherwise however, and the temptation to betray you is great.—I forbore to apprise you of these matters last night, for fear of discomposing you.—Alas, while I endeavoured to appear chearful, in honour of my guest, my heart was wrung on his account.—Haste, my beloved friend, escape for your precious life!—A short repast, with other matters, are prepared.



pared for your departure ; and my three swiftest horses, by the morrow's early noon, shall convey you and your faithful followers—such I trust they are—quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaïse, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he gratefully regarded those who approved their regard for it. He straitly embraced his host. I thank you, my friend, said he ; but I will not take the advantage of your hospitallity. You are a subject, you are in office ; do your duty to your sovereign, and the laws of your country : I resign myself to your custody. I knew I was a lost man ; but I will console myself in hoping, that my depression may be the means of exalting the generous Duplaïse.

Duplaïse, for the first time, turned an eye of resentment and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphus, he cried, another kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity ? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any peace to a traitor ?

If nothing else will prevail, replied Valvaife, the law of self-preservation must constrain you to deliver me up to justice ; your own life will, otherwise, be the forfeit of my escape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaife, that it might even be so ! with what transport should I then embrace my fate ! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how defireable ! I would not exchange it for the longest and happiest life upon earth.

Brother of the sentiment of my inmost soul ! cried Valvaife, be it so !—you have conquered—it is but just, that the greater virtue should triumph over the less.—He then opened a small casket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had stript from his own hat, and given to his favourite ; accept of this, my friend, said he, as a kind though little remembrancer ! When you shall hereafter look upon it, let it remind you, that such a person as your unhappy Valvaife was once among the living.

Duplaife



Duplaife at once turned his head and heart aside from the dazzling temptation ; and, thrusting the gift back with a nobly averted hand, Talk not to me, he cried, of tokens and remembrances : is there a bit I eat, a respect I receive, any object I see about me, that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendship and your bounty ? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaife smiles in their smiles, and comes to my heart in the midst of their caresses. O, my friend, my beloved, even next and near to my God ! I feel no irksomeness, no weight under your many obligations ; the burden is light and delightful unto me ; and the sense of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted ; and Valvaife put on with such speed, that, ere it was turned of noon, he had gained upward of twenty leagues, and deemed himself past danger of caption or pursuit.

His principal attendant then rode up, and taking out a large purse stuffed with gold of different coins, My lord, said he, your friend Duplaife enjoined me not to present you with

this, till the distance should put it past your power to return it ; and he prays you to accept it, in part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys by your liberality.

Valvaife, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus ; but being fatigued, and coming to a large town where Christiern presided, he held it unkind to pass his fellow student without a visit.

Christiern welcomed his patron with demonstrations of joy surpassing those of Duplaife, and with respects befitting none save his king or rather his God. His entertainment was such, that the generous Valvaife deemed it ungrateful not to place an entire confidence in him ; and, taking him apart, he informed him of the disgrace he was in with his master, and of the tempting reward that was promised for his capture.

The countenance of his host instantly fell on this intelligence, his converse grew confused, and his demeanour constrained. Val-  
vaife,



vaife, however, was unfufpecting of treachery in the cafe, till he was awakened by fixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely haftened him to rife ; and, having loaded him with chains, they put him into a clofe carriage, and fat out in the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, difconfolate Adelaide pined in fecret during the abfence of her beloved, and the hidden malady began to prey upon her health and her complexion. At length fhe heard of the fatal orders that had iffued againft her Valvaife ; and, cafting all concerns fave thofe of her paffion afide, fhe hurried to court, and precipitately caft herfelf at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were prefent fave the officers in waiting, who kept a refpectful diftance.

The king was at once furprized and affected by the fuddennefs of her appearance, and the diftreff of her action. He would have fpoken, but was prevented. Ah, my liege ! fhe exclaimed, what is it that I hear ? If Adolphus

has death in store for those who wish to lay down their lives for his sake, what recompence does he keep in reserve for traitors? I understand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive me of Adelaide. Valvaise also is a traitor; he confesses himself a traitor; he was seen in your embraces! —That may be, my lord; but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Valvaise —Let him give me your heart, and I will give him my kingdom.—Ah, my lord, it is a worthless heart, he prizes it not! he would gladly have given it to you, with all the kingdoms of the world, and with his own precious heart and life and soul also. I wooed him for myself, he wooed me only for his master; and when I would have retained him by my tears and my caresses, he rent himself from my arms, and vowed, at his departure, that could I have joined heaven to the offer of my person, he would not accept an eternity of bliss at the cost of a single act of infidelity to Adolphus.

O, Adelaide! exclaimed the monarch, you yet know not half his worth: he, alone, can deserve the whole treasure of your affections!

I wish



I wish to be just, and to render you his more than princely merit. He loved, he loved you with passion, while he tore himself from you : but the love of his friend and of virtue, in a breast so noble as his, surpassed even his love of Adelaide !

In that instant, the caitiff Christiern broke into the presence. Audacity sat on his brow, and self approbation exulted through his demeanour. He bowed low at the feet of royalty ; but quickly rising again to the top of his stature, he confidently addressed the throne.

So please you, my liege, you now behold before you the most loyal, the most attached of all subjects that now are, or perhaps ever were upon earth ; a man who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, sinks all other duties, all other considerations. Valvaife and I were bred together from our infancy ; we were fellow students, sworn brothers : his friendship procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or possessions. He lately came to my house, claimed the protection of my roof, and, in confidence told me he had the misfortune of

falling under your displeasure. But as soon as I understood that he was obnoxious to my king, and that the royal proclamation had issued against him, I became a Samson in my allegiance; I rent all other ties and obligations to shreds; I had him seized and laden with fetters; and he now attends the sentence that your justice shall pass upon him.

Adolphus, for part of an hour, sat in silent astonishment: he was shocked, he was terrified. He looked on Christiern with a disgusted and indignant eye, as somewhat newly started up, some horrid novelty in nature.

And who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws divine and human, that the bursting in sunder of every kindly band of gratitude and friendship, of confidence and hospitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favour of Adolphus? He who feels not these ties, can have no faith, no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his God.—Here! take this miscreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thousand fathom deep, from the detesting face  
of



of the sun ; and let all, who are of his blood, be banished our dominions for ever, lest Sweden should shortly be over-run with monsters !

Pale, speechless, and aghast, stood the wretched convict. Eagerly they seized upon him, and hurried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution ; so odious and so unpitied, even in misery, is the guilt of ingratitude !

The king then ordered the prisoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly, nor yet slavishly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearless, but modest and dejected ; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raise his eye to the face of a master, whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, said the monarch, to reproach your cruel friend for the injustice of his orders ? Blessed be the orders, returned Valvaise, that give me once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord !

Then suddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he started and changed. Ah madam,  
he

he cried, you are here then.—Heaven be praised! You have, questionless, reformed the errors of a wayward fancy; and have given up your heart, where excellence claims the whole, entire and undivided, and where all that we are and that we have is due.—But then I see you not, where I trusted you should soon be exalted; I see you not on the throne, or at the side of our master.—Would you wish then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival?—From my soul, I wish it, my lord; because I love her happiness, even more than I love her person.

Adelaide, said the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then, to step and unbind the prisoner, and restore him to the arms and to the bosom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands, and a palpitating heart, her aspect all in a glow, set about her commission; but prolonged the chains of her beloved, by her haste to set him at liberty.



The monarch then descended, and advancing with opened arms, he clasped and reclasped Valvaise to his breast. O, welcome, thrice welcome, he cried, to thy late desolate mansion, thy seat within my bosom!—Adelaide has told me all; has borne incontestable testimony to your truth, to an honour that is impassible, to a virtue that rises above seduction, to a friendship that sacrificed whatever you held most dear to the interests of the man who put his confidence in you.—What shall I do, my brother, to recompense your love?—I will try—I will strive to emulate the nobleness of your example.—I will, in my turn, subdue my own passions.—I will restore to your generosity, what I held dearer than empire, dearer than life.—I will yield Adelaide to her beloved—and be greater than a king, by resembling Valvaise!

Long silence ensued.—Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaise, in search of the inmost emotions of his soul; and finding them conformable to the generosity of her own sentiments,—No my lord, she cried, Valvaise will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections shall be supremely happy; till  
you

you have found to yourself an Adelaide, whose heart is undivided, who is wholly worthy of you by the constellation of her excellencies.—— I first learned to love, by admiring, in Valvaife, that fealty, that fervour of affection which he had for his master ; and could he taste of consolation while you tasted of regret, he would instantly lose the charm by which he engaged me ; I should despise, I should reject him.—No no, it cannot ! we jointly vowed and covenanted, at our last parting, to keep separate for your sake ; and not to accept of any happiness, save what virtue and the consciousness of acting nobly might yield.

Here, continued Mr. Thomason, the relater of this tale was called suddenly away ; and I could not learn the sequel, though I enquired at many hands.

I thank you, my dear young friend, said my father. You have feelingly proved the verity and very essence of virtue, throughout the three principal characters of your delighting story. But I would, if possible, be more intimately informed of its nature. I would  
know.



know from what source the many and differing virtues proceed ; whether they bear any, and what relation, to each other ; and whether there may not be a common center to which they all tend ?

Every species of virtue, replied Mr. Thomson, is a species of BENEVOLENCE. It is a propensity or disposition to acts of beneficence ; A WILL TO DO GOOD—the same in the creature, that it is in the Creator. It is a desire, a thirst to diffuse and communicate blessings : and the farther it goes in this delightful progression, the wider reaches its dominion, its riches, and revenues ; and, in proportion to the extent of its ardour in blessing, it finds itself unavoidably, inevitably blessed !

Your doctrine, my amiable friend, rejoined my father, is very consonant and pleasing to my feelings, I assure you : but then it is not near so convincing to my reason or experience. There are a number of religious virtues, such as patience, temperance, meekness, humility, and so forth, that seem to be almost wholly personal, and confined to the relation  
between

between the party and his God. For the present, I shall only request to be informed, how the capital male virtue, called Courage, which, from the beginning, has incited your heroes and great conquerors to the desolation of the world and destruction of mankind, can any way be a partaker in the works of beneficence or the effects of good will. I would farther be informed, how the capital female virtue, called Chastity, can consist in benevolence, while the instant that it ceases to be personal and confined, in that very instant it ceases to be a virtue.

Sir, said the young stranger, I shall, with your good pleasure, respond to all and every of your questions and doubts in their natural place and order, provided you allow me to premise some little matters.

Agreeable to the late state of my answer to the most capital of all questions, “ What is Virtue ?” be pleased to reflect, that, when a man behaves himself towards you with a regardful and affectionate complacence ; when he seeks occasion to do you all kinds of friendly offices ; when he seems to make light of having served  
you,



you, at the cost of his own substance, his time, or his travail—you discern nothing in all this of a mean or stinted nature : your spirit goes forth to receive him with a grateful and warm embrace ; you feel an expanded and deepening delight in your sense of his generous, his disinterested Benevolence ; and you cannot avoid imputing it to him for Virtue.

But, should you thereafter come to discover, that all these acts of apparent good will and beneficence sprung from narrow, base, selfish, suppose from vicious motives, that aimed at the seduction of your wife or your daughter ; you will no longer hold yourself bound by the benefits received ; you will reject, scorn, detest the benefactor with abhorrence ; and you may farther be apt to deem yourself entitled to a retaliation of the wrong which the deceiver had imagined.

I cannot, sir, so clearly, so forcibly set forth that heart-felt attachment which all have to every instance of disinterested benevolence, as by setting forth that contempt, that invincible

aversion, which all feel for motives merely selfish in others.

Most men look upon Self as the whole of their existence, as the sum total of all in which they are concerned or interested. Self is, in them, a Narcissus, self-delighted, self-enamoured; it craves and claims, as its right and prerogative, the attentions, the loves, and respects of mankind; but, does it acquire them? O, never, never, never! Self never was beloved, never will be beloved; never was honourable or respectable in the eye of any creature. It may put on false appearances, and fraudulently cheat us into unmerited regards: when in power, we tremble at it; when in station, our bodies bow down before it: but, the instant that it is uncovered, that it is seen to be nothing but Self; our hearts inwardly disavow the professions of our lips, and the obedience of our persons. Even the characters of the patriot, of the hero, of the friend, and the lover, are only so far amiable, so far reverable, as they are supposed to have gone forth from the confines of Self.

There



There are persons of such a levity, dissipation, and giddy titter of spirit, that they turn away with disgust from every object that might dispose them to a serious or melting mood. The gay, volatile, and frivolous, is alone to their taste and turn; and they shudder at the proposal of going to a tragedy, as they would at the thoughts of going to a funeral.

There are others, on the contrary, of a melting and kindly cast, who seek the scene of affliction, and the mansion of distress; who delight to grieve in the grief of others; to console them by a social participation of their woe; and to impart to them the bounty of their sighs and their tears, where no other remedy or comfort may be left.

They know not how, or why, is this. They wonder within themselves at the pleasure that they take in giving themselves pain. Ah, the pain is amply recompensed, while accompanied by the secret perceptibility of Benevolence; while they feel that they are carried quite out of themselves, in the social, the generous, and

divine sensibilities of their heart-delighting God. Such a house of mourning is more celestially, more essentially joyous to the soul, than all the festivity that flesh and sense can pour upon it.

I have now, I trust, cleared my way to the question on your capital male virtue called Courage.

True courage, sir, has a two-fold virtue in it. First, it has that of disregarding the danger and damage that may threaten itself; and secondly, it has the virtue of extending its powers to the support of the weak, the defence of the assaulted, the vindication of the injured, and the suppression and castigation of the spoiler and oppressor. While courage is thus employed, it is benevolent, it is beneficent, it is justly it is exaltedly respectable and amiable. But, when a spurious and false appearance of the quality, called Courage, through motives of ambition or desire of applause, or any other incitements merely personal and selfish, exerts  
its



its powers in a manner seemingly worthy of praise, it yet loses the whole nature and ought to forfeit the name of Virtue; and it wants nothing save to have those motives detected, to become contemptible and detestable in the eyes of mankind.

Few things have occasioned so great a variety of clashing opinions, or have had so wide an influence on the tempers, the morals, and the customs of mankind, as the sentiments entertained respecting this quality called Courage.

The world, who has been a blockhead from the beginning, and is not likely to grow a whit wiser to the end, the world, I say, has, almost universally, held Courage to consist in action and prowess; in the wrathfulness and death-doing hand of an Achilles; or in the kindling spirit of those; who will not bear the smallest appearance of an insult, who will burst through all the bands of friendship and humanity rather than allow the slightest word or look of imagined disrespect to pass unrevenged or unblooded. Wherefore, as truth and nature lie buried under such an accumulation of customs and

prejudices, it may be necessary to set up such criterions and land-marks, as shall save us from straying in our disquisition and search after this so highly respected virtue.

All are clearly agreed in their ideas of this position, that Courage and fear are in their natures incompatible ; that wherever Courage is, so far as it prevails, it casts aside fear ; and that wherever fear is, so far as it prevails, it casts aside Courage.

Now, one of the surest symptoms of fear, is anger ; for, what should provoke us to anger against that from which we have nothing to apprehend ? I once saw a huge mastiff walking peaceably through a country village, when a little wretch of a cur rushed from one of the hamlets and made a furious assault : he sprung up toward the throat of the patient creature ; but not being able to reach it, he exercised his inveteracy by biting at his heels. The noble brute, being thus teized and pestered by his despicable adversary, set a monstrous fore-paw upon him and pressed him to the earth, while, lifting a hind leg, he poured upon him the  
lowest



lowest mark of contempt ; and then permitted the impotent animal to rise, who ran all dismayed and yelping away. I question if this prince of dogs, in all his conquests and engagements with his equals in combat, had ever given so incontestable a proof of the truth of his courage as he did at this period.

The said little anecdote may serve to illustrate an approved observation, that cowards are cruel, but that the brave delight in forbearance and mercy. The reason of this is deeply founded in nature.

Cowardice has no concern or interest in any thing save Self. Provided that Self is safe and unhurt, it cares not what calamities may fall or be poured upon the rest of mankind. When it feels an apprehension of danger however distant, it conceives an implacable hatred against the point or party from whence the danger may proceed : wrath and revenge anticipate the dreaded damage in its bosom ; and it is studious and solicitous, by all, by any means, however treacherous or deadly, to prevent the nearer approach of the hurt apprehended.

Let

Let us now enquire, what portion of genuine Courage the heroes of the applauded custom of duelling can boast.

The man who, purposely and deliberately, thirsts after the blood and life of his fellow, is possessed by as dark and inhuman a dæmon, as he who dwelt among the tombs. But, duellists are not wholly of this malignant nature; it is not cruelty, but cowardice, that compels them to engage. The world, dispassionately, halloos them at each other, as it would set mastiffs or game cocks at variance for the diversion of the spectators. It says to these combatants, “ For shame, gentlemen, be just to  
 “ your own honour; respect yourselves above  
 “ God and mankind! better to bleed, to perish,  
 “ rish, than to live with reproach.” And thus, frequently, without resentment or ill-will to their opponents, men plunge their reluctant weapons into the bosoms of each other, being scared and impelled thereto by the spectre called censure, which they dread even worse than death or futurity.

Courage may well be supported in time of  
 action



action or contest ; it has not leisure to sink or droop during an agitation of spirits. But, when these stays are removed, when calamity or death comes to meet us in all the silent apparatus and black pomp of impending destruction, the Courage that can give it an undismayed and calm welcome must be from above.

The most indubitable, the most divine species of courage, subsists in PATIENCE—when the soul is divested and stript of all external assistances ; when the assaults are all on one side, and no kind of action offensive or defensive are admitted on the other, to maintain the flame of life, or support failing existence ; but where all the concerns of Self are submitted, without reluctance, to the worst extremes, to all that the world can inflict, or that time can bring to pass. Such a PATIENCE opens the gates of the soul upon eternity, and lends it wings to issue forth in beatified benevolence upon God and all his creatures.

Agreeable to this, the devoted “ Captain of our Salvation ” was informed with a patience, and consequently with a courage, infinitely

nitely surpassing all that can be imagined of the spirit and heroism of renowned antiquity. Earth and hell had united their utmost efforts against him : his disappointed countrymen gnashed at him with their teeth ; they and their forefathers had looked for a temporal Messiah, who should deliver them from subjection, and constitute them lords and rulers and princes of the earth. But when this their true and all gracious Messiah declared, that he came to invite them to a better kingdom of peace, and that his dominion was not of this world ; they could set no limits to the inveteracy and madness of their rage, which was farther inflamed by all the powers of darkness against this their only feared and only formidable foe.

Wherefore, they took, and bound, scourged, buffeted, reviled, mocked, spurned, and spit upon him ; they pierced through, and rent in sunder, the fibred and feeling seats of the most exquisite sensation ; and, while he cried, “ Father forgive them, they know not “ what they do ! ” they lifted his agonizing body on high, that all might deride and make sport



sport of his anguish; till, being nearly all a wound, and every suffering inflicted and expended upon him, by tortures the most poignant most bitter and excruciating, that humanity, on this side death, could sustain, he bowed his sacred head, triumphantly cried “ It “ is finished !” and issued forth in warm and limitless benevolence to the salvation which he had purchased, through his love transcending love, for the universe of his lapsed creatures.

I am very sensible, sir, that the matters, which I have presumed to set forth, stand counter to all the opinions persuasions and customs received and established, from the beginning of the world, by almost all mankind : but, in the investigation of truth, one ought to examine things simply, as they stand in nature, without bias or attention to any authority save that of truth alone.

My precious youth, replied my father, your allegations, hitherto, carry their evidence within them ; they are rooted as deep as nature, and their branches ascend the highest heaven. This, indeed, is to sift and bould matters to  
the

the bran ; it is diving to the very bottom of the well where truth was sunk, and lifting her up in all her beauties to the face of the sun.— I would you might explain, with any resembling clarity, how the virtue of chastity, with those of temperance, humility, meekness, and the like, can affect or be affected by your great and comprehensive virtue of Benevolence, wherein you make all and every virtue to consist.

With regard to the virtue of chastity, said Mr. Thomason, which you emphatically term female, independant of that purity of heart and inclinations which render a chaste woman a special object of delight to God and his holy angels, it is a virtue, of all others, the most important to mankind, and of the most diffusive tendency, respecting Benevolence, of any of the virtues you yet have named. On this capital hinge, the whole family of the human species, the great and extensive brotherhood of man, is suspended.

The consequences and influences of female chastity reach through earth and heaven,  
through



through time and thro' eternity. Woman is the sacred repository, wherein and whereto the Supreme of Beings hath been pleased to entrust the divine semblances and images of his ever blessed person; the grand nursery, the appointed community of those saints, that are to rejoice with their all-gracious Prototype from eternity to eternity.

Woe to the wretch, who shall make a breach or inroad into this divine institution and economy of her creator; who shall horridly introduce the brutal custom of common bestiality into the elect species of the children of God! But thrice blessed is she, who shall preserve the entrusted temple of the human—form—divine, to be returned to him a chaste deposit and oblation without spot or defilement.

History affords several shining instances of female chastity. The most celebrated, but least of all entitled to praise, as I take it, is that of Lucretia.

Young Tarquin, son to the king of Rome, became desperately enamoured of her, though

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wife

wife to his friend and kinsman Collatinus. He entered her chamber at midnight, with a dagger in his grasp, and threatened instant death if she refused to comply with his wishes ; but she boldly bid him strike, and said she chose death before dishonour. He then swore, that, if she did not consent to his embraces, he would cover her name and character with ever-during infamy ; and that, after killing her, he would stab one of her male slaves, and lay him in her bed, and declare that he had caught them in the act of adultery.

This last threat prevailed. She could not bear to be reputed a strumpet by the public, and she surrendered her virtue to save her reputation. She afterward shed her blood in atonement of her consent ; but the stain still remains.—I pity, but cannot acquit or honour her.

How incomparably more worthy the plaudit of men and angels, was the behaviour of Sufanna ! Two of the principal elders of Israel, whose characters were held sacred and rever-  
able



able among the people, conspired against her for the gratification of their lusts. They came upon her in her garden, while bathing and alone ; and threatened, if she refused to admit their caresses, they would bear witness they had caught her in the fact with a paramour, and, by their joint testimony, at once deprive her of reputation and life.

This, she was sensible, was in their power, and she doubted not of their resolution to effect their execrable purpose. But she continued unshaken ; and determined to surrender both life and fame, rather than swerve from the ordinance of her God, or yield her chaste body to the touch of pollution.

She was, consequently, arraigned and condemned upon the testimony of her false accusers, grown ancient in sin. But on the way, while they conducted her to execution, God sent his young prophet to deliver his approved servant, and to retort on the grey and perjured heads of her adversaries the death and defamation which they had machinated against her.

There are several other signal proofs of female purity recorded in story. Such as that of a young lady, who, to avoid the caresses of Demetrius, the most beautiful and accomplished prince of the age, cast herself into a cauldron of boiling water.

But that, which stands foremost in the rolls of female renown, which tends highest to the estimation and respectableness of the sex, was exhibited at the celebrated abbey of Glastonbury.

A little preceeding the reign of Alfred the Great, the Danes invaded England; and, in their rout through the land, a party of their army approached and begirt the abbey, carrying on a degenerate and ignominious warfare against feeble and defenceless women, against the very persons whom nature, honour, manhood, enjoined them to protect. But the obscene and licentious soldiery had confederated, among themselves, to satiate their lusts, by the rape of all the virgins.

The



The alarmed and forlorn ladies were aware of their intention ; and, after some consultation, determined on the manner in which they would receive their adversaries ; for the princely and beauteous and abbess had represented to her associates, that the most effectual way to repulse and to quell the abhorred lusts of their invaders, would be wholly to deface those external attractions that excited their desire.

Wherefore, the moment they heard the gates breaking open, the young mother of these maidens began the wondrous precedent, and all her daughters followed the glorious example. They mangled their fair and lovely faces with bloody and affrighted gashes.—O the unparalleled beauty of such a deformity !—The Danes rushed in, but suddenly stopped, shrunk back with horror, and made a slow and silent retreat. Again, provoked to be thus defeated of their prey, they gathered heaps of combustibles, and set fire to the pile on all sides ; while this company of sacred and incomparable virgins ascended in the flame, the purest and most acceptable oblation to the throne of grace and purity, that ever was offered either

before or subsequent to "the sacrifice on the  
"cross."

I vow, Mr. Thomason, said my father in some confusion, you have put me quite to shame. How could I be so blind as not, in a measure, to discern the striking beauty of those truths that now appear self-evident, as bright and broad as the noon? I now no longer doubt but that you will also draw forth those other virtues, which I mentioned as personal and confined, into the glorious element of that diffusive Benevolence, wherein you say that every and all virtue consists.

My revered sir, answered the stranger, in the original creation of all intelligent existences, God made them, as he made Adam, a mere capacity at first; and thereafter filled their vessels with the abundance of himself, with his own eternity of love beaming forth in benevolence to all his creatures, and with his own powers and glories, in such a manner and degree, as best suited to the appointment of their several natures and spheres.

But;



But, when man was tempted to desire an independence of his creator ; when he imagined to himself a possession of goods and enjoyments, distinct from the fountain of all goodness and joy ; God would no longer be an ungrateful guest within him, but left him to experience the consequences of his apostacy and defection.

Thus emptied of his late heaven of love, goodness, and glory, the latent hell of his creaturely self began to awaken in him : strange passions and strange lusts sprung up from the depth of his soul ; an insatiate and restless craving ; a pride that yearned to exalt itself above all that had life ; an eating envy of the imagined bliss of other existences ; a fell hatred of their persons ; and a wrathfulness that was eager to rend the world to pieces.

Hence, when THE REDEEMER came to recover and restore, when he descended in the promise that “ The seed of the woman should crush the head of the serpent,” he had a twofold work to do : all the aforefaid infernal passions were first to be utterly eradicated and  
erased ;

erased ; and man was, of necessity, to be emptied of himself, before he could again be replenished and filled with his God.

In this necessity, fir, the virtues which you mentioned of temperance, mortification, forbearance, meekness, humility, and the like, take their root and their origin, as they are preparatory and open the heart and the will to that great and final virtue, even to that unbeginning, that blessing and boundless Benevolence, which constitutes The Heaven of God and of all his resembling creatures.

God, my dearest fir, can take no manner of delight in the pains, sufferings, afflictions, or distresses of his offspring. But, when man turned all the good things of this world into matters of evil and damage to himself ; of provocations and incitements to sensuality, avarice, pride, envy, rapine, rancour, contest, and all the black train of malignant and rueful vices that rend the heart and spirit, and have turned this scene of sublimary things into a mere “ Aceldama,” a field of blood and human carnage ; God, as it were, was graciously necessitated.



fitated to counteract the spreading poison, and to convert all the evils of this short and wretched life into matters of enduring and ever increasing blessedness.

He, therefore, made prophets and preachers, kindly monitors, friends, and physicians, of all the pains, calamities, griefs, depressions and deaths, that are incident to this vale of mortality and tears.

These are the angels which he sends throughout the earth, to warn his beloved, however erring creatures, to turn, to advert to him, and to open their bosoms to that peace and beatitude which, with himself, he is ever desirous of pouring into the depth and capacity of their souls.

These are the only constraints, by which he would "compell his often called to come in." He will not totally violate the freedom of their option; it is one of the principal articles that constitute his own image and divine similitude in them; and he cannot have pleasure in a forced or unloving service.

Would-

Would men open their eyes to the hostile and envenomed nature of those carnal indulgences, those pampering lusts, and pride-exalting possessions, in which they now place their desire and delight, they would be, as the Syrians in the city of Samaria ; they would perceive that they were in the very midst of their enemies, of enemies irreconcilable to their life and to their peace ; they would shrink from them with horror, they would fly from them with affright ! and they would open their arms to the feared but friendly approach of health-giving calamity, as the prisoner would welcome the messenger who should open the gate to freedom, or as the convict would welcome a pardon on the hour of execution.

Ah, misjudging, deluded, and self-executing mortals ! Ye reject your own blessedness, ye thirst after your own bane : ye take transience for permanence, and shadow for substance ; and ye feast upon that which is deadly and pestiferous to your being, but turn away from all that is salutary with loathing.

Could



Could man be convinced, that he is diseased, and in a lazar-house, where nothing is so desirable as to be cured and set at liberty from his noisome abode ; could he but be persuaded that he is sick of all sorts of hellish, selfish, sensual, and spiritual distempers ; he might then be prevailed upon to admit of a remedy.

But he sees nothing, he feels nothing of all this matter : his diseases are his Dalilahs, his idols, and delights ; and he rejoices in the possession of that whereby he perishes. His envy calls to ambition to exalt him on high over the heads of his fellows, till his brain turns giddy, and he precipitates in the whirl, like Phaeton from the zenith : his avarice calls to the world to load him with its wealth, till, like Tarpeia, he suffocates under the desired burden : his pride calls to all, to take note of his merits, and to bow down in due obeysance and veneration before him : and his wrath kindles into contest, malice, and detestation, against all who would oppose his self-destroying pursuits.

He

He cannot yet but feel, at times, the malignity of his passions, those dogs of hell that gnaw him inward, and those serpents that infix their barbed stings within his bosom: but he conceives, that indulgence will best serve to appease them; and so he continues to foster and cherish them to the bitter close of his mortality.

He, on the contrary, who goes forth among his fellows, in the spirit of temperance, meekness, humiliation, forbearance, and charity; he, who regards not the world, nor the things of the world; has already entered the kingdom of benevolence and love. He cannot get out of it: he cannot envy, or malign, or despise, or be wrathful, or contentious concerning matters which he covets not, which he holds in no estimation. He looks, with a peaceful and pleased regard, and will not divert his eye from the coming weight of beatitude that impends upon him: he already feels the warmth and dawn of that light, which shall speedily be revealed in consummate



summate glory within him. If he is not exempt from those casual calamities, or corporal pains, that are incident to the human frame; he yet finds them greatly alleviated by patience, and peace of heart: and he welcomes every suffering, he blesses every pang, that brings him nearer and nearer to that triumphant and final goal, where hangs the thorny wreath of his ever during glory!

My dear child, my inestimable friend, exclaimed my father, you have astonished me beyond measure. No study, no stretch of genius, could have carried you these lengths; neither could flesh and blood have revealed such deep matters unto you; and I dread to see you suddenly taken away from us, like Manoah's angel in the flame, or like Elijah in the whirlwind.

Dearest Mr. Thomason, said my mother, our daughter has already recited to us all the passages which you told her of your deeply affecting history: but I wish to add to the stream of the tears I have shed. Will you indulge us with a continuation of the heart de-

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fighting narrative? you will at once oblige, improve, and please us, beyond expression.

Alas, madam, replied the youth, I would to heaven I could obey you! But I have no history, no life, no narrative, respecting myself, to relate. And, even regarding others, in my very doleful pilgrimage throughout most parts of Europe, I took no manner of note of their manners or usages; I remember very little of the situations of the countries through which I passed, and rarely even the names of the parties with whom I sojourned.

However madam, said he, reverently bowing and fervently kissing her hand, I will do my utmost to satisfy you by recollecting, the best I may, some interesting incidents by which I was extremely affected at the time, though dead, as I deemed myself, to all human sensations.

Here, Mr. Thomason recommenced what might, vulgarly, be termed his history; but which, in fact, was neither a history of himself,  
or



or of any other person breathing. It was rather a history of the secret process and workings of God in the human heart ; a history interesting to all who are interested in nature ; who are capable of the tears of delight or distress ; and who feel the divinity of informing truth, descending and fathoming the lowest depth of their souls.

He thus began. In some weeks, after I had quitted my first kind hostess, I found myself, as I imagine, near some port on the adjacent coast of Flanders. An humble but decent hamlet caught my eye. Being hungry and fatigued, I approached the door ; and, taking out the little prating companion of my rambles, I began the most chearful air that my melancholy mood would admit at the time.

Quickly after, the door flew open, and the whole family, old and young, came pouring forth and crouded about me. Never did I see happiness so joyously so fully expressed as by my circling audience. The little ones flew capering and jumping about like mad things ; the elder ones also gave adequate signs of

their pleasure; and I myself felt a kind of contagious delight, arising and breaking thro' the gloom that oppressed me, in the sense of my being able to give delight to my auditors.

At length, one of the most kindly countenanced women I ever beheld looked wistfully at me and said, Ah, my child, you don't look well; perhaps, while you are feasting us here, you yourself are tired or hungry. Pray come in and partake of the best we have to give. I would it were daintier fare for your sake; but we will sauce it with the heartiest welcome that all Flanders can afford.

While I sat at my homely meal, the children in turns laid hold on my pipe; and, when they could bring it to any utterance, they laughed, leaped, and exulted, as though they immediately expected to be adepts in music.

Some time after I had eaten, I resumed my instrument, and began one of my most plaintive and melting airs. But, I had not proceeded through half the tune, when the eldest of the sons, now nearly grown to manhood,  
burst



burst into tears : Alas, my mother, he cried, this tune reminds me of our dearest father. Perhaps this very day he is either dead or dying, or galled with stripes and chains in the dungeons of Barbary.

My kind hostess, hereupon, instantly uttered a shout of the most grievous lamentation : all the family loudly echoed the voice of wailing ; I joined my own woe to the general calamity ; and the late house of festivity immediately became the house of mourning and desolation.

As soon as they perceived that I, also, was in tears, they restrained, as much as they could, the stream of their own sorrow, and gathered round me, caressing, and kindly striving to console me. But I answered, No ; no my friends, I will not cheat you of your love ; it is not your father, but my own losses that I lament. Then, said the good matron, as soon as you, my son, shall be pleased to acquaint us with your griefs, we will all weep for you, even as you have wept with us. My mother, my mother, I cried, and clasped her to my bosom, my dear, my dear mother, and my

brothers and sisters all, brothers and sisters of my heart!

I found myself, I know not how, strongly affected, and inwardly bound to every member of this family, who, with the mother, made ten in number. And I felt that they were to me in the place of those parents and kindred, whose faces I had determined never more to behold.

On the following day, as I saw they were very numerous, and I feared very poor, I took each of the children apart, from the eldest to the least, and pressed money upon them, alleging it was of no manner of use to me: but, they all obstinately refused to accept of any, except the youngest, who took some bright pieces of silver by way of play things.

This youngest was a girl, scarce seven years of age, a most bewitching creature, the darling and little idol of the whole family: her mother was with child of her, at the time that the lamented father was forcibly taken away. Ah, what floods of tears she has cost me, while  
I used,



I used, in a corner, to take her in my arms or between my knees, and shed my flow of sorrows on this little representative of my own idol and darling. She was fond of me to excess, and said she would never have any husband but me.

The name of the father of this family was Aprée. As he was subject to the crown of France, he was pressed on board a frigate of war, and rent away from his weeping and inconsolable household; neither had they heard any tidings of him since his departure, save an uncertain report that the vessel, in which he went, had been taken and pillaged by a Barbary corsair.

As I could not find in my heart, on a sudden, to forsake this amiable family, neither could bear to think of lying a useless incumbrance upon them, I chose my province of labour in the garden, while the sons went to work in the field, and at the harvest.

Late on an evening, when night had nearly shut in, when we had just finished a frugal meal, and I had taken up my pipe, in order  
to

to tune the minds of our household before they went to rest ; we heard a smart rapping at the outward door.

The eldest son bounced up, and, going out, soon returned, introducing a stranger. He was of a bold and portly make, of a very swarthy complexion, and had two deeply indented cuts, the one on his cheek, the other in his forehead.

Having cast an observing look upon the company, he advanced and said, Mrs. Aprée, I wish I had been the messenger of happier tidings to you. I bring you news of your husband. Do you know this token, mistress ?

He then presented her with a small piece of divided gold. She gave a shriek at the sight, caught hastily at it, pressed it eagerly to her lips, turned to a death-like paleness, and was just swooning away, when a sudden gush of tears came seasonably to her relief.

At length she took time to breathe ; when, looking wildly at her guest, Tell me, she cried,  
does



does he live, does he live, does the father of my little ones still breathe the air? He lives, said the stranger. Blessed heaven, she muttered, and dropt precipitately on her knees, and raised her closed eyes in a silent ejaculation!

Again, she hastily rose. He lives, he lives, you say; O, the voice that tells me so, has a song in it more tuneful than a whole choir of angels. But, how is he, where is he, may I look for one sight of him before I die?

He was my mate and fellow slave among the Moors at Tetuan. I happily procured my freedom: but, before I left the city, I bargained for the ransom of my friend and companion; and, if you are worth so much, you may remit it by the ship in which I landed.

Run, Jaquinot, exclaimed our mother, not considering that it was night, run and sell all we have, cattle, corn, poultry and farm; if we can but get your father home, we shall be rich past all reckoning.

Never,

Never, never did I wish for wealth till that very hour, and I had a kind of hope that the ardour of my desires would pull it into my possession. I hastily rumaged my pockets, threw out all the cash that I thought I was master of, when, feeling something hard in the right side of my breeches, I thrust my hand in and drew out about twenty guineas, which had lain there, unknown to me, from the hour I left England ; and I eagerly impelled them into the hand of our factor.

He started thereupon, and turned an admiring eye of tender emotion upon me. You are very bountiful indeed, my young master, said he ; but even this, with all the effects that these poor people are possessed of, will fall very short, I fear, of the ransom required. And, so saying, he gently laid the money on the table.

Well, don't be discouraged, my dearest mother, cried out the eldest boy, there is a ship now in the harbour, waiting to carry servants to the French settlements in America, and I will



will go and sell myself to the master, and order the money to you, for the redemption of our beloved father from the house of his bondage. And I, brother, said the second son, will sell myself with you. And I, said the third. And I, also, cried out the fourth child (who was a daughter) if they will think it worth while to give any thing for me.

Yes, yes, my precious children, exclaimed the tender mother, we will all go together ; I will not be parted from my babes ; we will go and sell ourselves to servitude, for the deliverance of our beloved, of our husband and our master, our father and first friend. If he comes home safe and sound, I know, sure as I am here, that he will either come to us himself, or send to us, in his turn, and deliver us from our slavery ; or, in the last extremity, we poor slaves shall be found true children of that father whose service is perfect freedom.

Hereupon, we were all amazed by our guest's falling into a sudden and outrageous fit. He sunk to earth, threw himself prostrate, roared, wept, and sobbed aloud. We  
supposed

supposed him to be smitten by some quick stroke of madness ; and we all held ourselves at an alarmed distance.

At length he rose to his knees, and stretching his arms toward heaven with a trepid agitation, O God, my God, he exclaimed, you kill, you oppress, you crush me to death by your bounties ! They are insufferable ! O father of mercies, I cannot bear this weight of blessedness !

Then, turning toward us, he cried, Won't you come near me my wife, won't you come near me, my children ? I am your husband, my Marian, your too too happy husband. I am your father, my children, that unworthy father, my babes, for whom ye would, just now, have sold yourselves to slavery. Do you not know me, my wife ? I am thy Pierre, thy husband ; indeed I am thy husband : but who is worthy to be the husband of Marian ?

She then drew toward him with a trembling caution, and he rose and spread his arms, east and west, to relieve her. But, she declined  
his



his embrace, and stepping up, like a crazed person, she ript open his doublet, and perceiving a large mole in the pit of his stomach, she gave a loud shriek and sunk motionless on the floor. I hastened to assist her; her situation wrung my heart. Never had I conceived so great an esteem for any human creature! I beheld her as the bride of God, in whom he had opened his whole heaven upon earth.

Her husband looked down upon her with a frantic emotion, and, seeing her pale, speechless, and without sign of life, he uttered a great cry and fell senseless beside her.

I was near being reduced to the same state: but I exerted my spirit and powers to give relief to those I loved. We gathered about them in bitter condolence: some raised, some chafed them; while others ran for water and threw it upon them.

At length they came to themselves, when the good man, looking about him with affections and agitations, not to be described, Ah, he cried, my God, why hast thou not made

me as the pelican, that I might tear open my bosom, and yield my bowels and vitals for the fostering of this precious wife and her young ones ?

He then caught her to him, and, having held her some minutes in a silent but rapturous embrace, he turned to his children, took them successively to his arms and wept upon each.

Then all became joy and jubilee throughout the company ! Such kissing, caressing, congratulating and embracing, all around and over again ! Each was filled with the joy and exultation of every person about them ; each engrossed to themselves the blessedness of all ; and the happiness of this household could only be transcended by that of heaven itself, in adding to the number of the loving and the blessed.

While a supper, of something more than ordinary, was preparing, my favourite little Amie, the youngest of the children came in, and Mrs. Aprée presented her little angel to the father. Ah, cried he, while he caressed  
and



and gazed fondly upon her, will ye never have done heaping happiness upon me? And you too, my darling, said he, turning and catching the daughter to him, who had offered herself to slavery, you said you thought yourself of no value; but I would not part with you in exchange for both the Indies, my pearl of countless price!

When we sat down to supper, the good man told us, at intervals, how their vessel had been taken by two Barbary Rovers, after an obstinate engagement, wherein he had received the two wounds in his face, and two more in his bosom. That, during three succeeding years, he laboured, though laden with shackles, at the public works in Tetuan; when he, with three more of his most robust and active companions, filed off their fetters, and fled away at dead of night, crossing wide rivers, swamps, and woods, the habitation of wild beasts, without any direction or knowledge of the country through which they passed. That, after an incredible length of travel, labour, dangers, impending deaths and fatigues, they came to a country of negroes, who proved extremely humane.

humane and hospitable to them : for, seeing, said he, that they had nothing to apprehend from our small number, they gave way to that gracious principle of compassion and benevolence which descended from heaven on the hearts of all born of woman, and which is the most blessed portion of all who are not leagued with the kingdom of darkness. As I had been bred a carpenter, and had my knife, with a file and little saw, in my custody, I was pleased with the opportunities of obliging our kind hosts. With the assistance of my associates, whom I instructed for the purpose, I daily made many conveniences with a number of admired knick-knacks for their chiefs ; and they, in return, loaded us with gold dust, which after a variety of long and fruitless experiments, I became able to reduce and consolidate into ingots.

This country lay inland, a vast distance from the borders of the Atlantic ; and the natives did not appear to have any kind of commerce with other nations. At length a person arrived, who, being of an enterprising spirit, had, twenty years before, set out on his travels to  
learn



learn the customs and languages of foreign climates; and he informed his countrymen, that a people, called English, had lately formed a settlement upon the banks of the great and neighbouring river of Gambia; that he had been among them, was entertained with astonishing kindness and generosity; was commissioned by them to present, to the princes of his nation, a most dazzling treasure of inestimable jewels; and that he was farther commissioned, on the part of the English, to enter into a strict league and free commerce and close alliance, with all his nation.

This overture was accepted, with infinite avidity, by all the negro states. I was appointed their principal ambassador and interpreter on this expedition; and, soon after, set out at the head of a vast retinue of people, and cattle heavy laden with dust and elephant's teeth, which I told them were esteemed of great value in Europe.

But, madam, it would be too prolix, neither can I recollect the due order or circumstances of the occurrences that happened to my

worthy-hearted host, till he arrived at his native soil, and at that happy table where he recited his enchanting history, till the night was far advanced.

Ah, how was I delighted to see and to contemplate the corresponding though diverse agitations and feelings of the mother and children, while the husband and father recounted the alarming detail of his many adventures! On any sudden or impending disaster, some would start, some shudder, and others, by the contortions of person, or horror of countenance, pathetically express how they took to themselves the whole poignancy of the sufferings of the head of their household. Again, when any matter of success occurred in his story, they would all chuckle and laugh, rub and clap hands, or shout out in the burst of joy and exultation.

When the whole was concluded, and all again composed, after some farther rounds of congratulatory caresses, I took out my pipe and played the enlivening air of, "Welcome to hearts and home, thrice welcome art thou!"

And



And again, on preparing to part for bed, I played and sung, for the happy couple, the sweetest of all songs, the Hymeneal hymn of the first pair in Paradise.

When I awoke, the next morning, I regretted the short happiness I had lately enjoyed, while I was carried, as by force, quite out of myself, and forgot, in a measure, the dear source of all my sorrows. Wherefore, I accused myself, as of a matter of treason to the memory of my beloved; and I determined to tear myself away from this family, though dearer to my soul than all others upon earth.

But, when I went to bid adieu, they all gathered about me with the most doleful group of countenances I had ever beheld. They held, they clung around, and wept aloud, as they had done on the apprehension of their father's being dead or in a dungeon.

I could no longer contend against the strength of their love. I was wholly overpowered by it, and I consented for the present to defer my departure.

Mr.

Mr. Aprée, as I suppose, then went to the port, for he returned, in a few hours, with a sailer heavy laden with ingots of gold. He eagerly pressed five or six of them upon me, on condition, as he said, that I should stay with them, and not break the hearts of the whole family, particularly that of my little wife Amiee by forsaking them.

I saw that he was distressed by my refusal of his donation, and I myself was deeply distressed thereby. But, as the world, with all its wealth, was of no value to me, I never accepted any wages or gratuity, save for fear of giving offence by a refusal, where I felt that it hurt me to put a check to the happiness of the party bestowing, by rejecting the good will that the bounty contained; for I have known several instances, where the pride of the receiver hath put a stop to many blessings that might have mutually enriched both himself and the giver.

Wherefore, in order to compromise matters in the best manner I could, I begged him to bestow upon me this African gem, which I promised.



promised through all extremes to preserve for his sake.

As I could no more think of taking a formal adieu, I rose soft and silent by midnight, and, slipping down through a casement, made a mournful escape.

On my way, as I reflected on the floods of kindly tears that would be shed for my departure, I watered the long road, as I went along, with my own ; and at night I laid me down in a poor and bleak hovel, the most desolate and forlorn of all the human species !

As I had no way, no will left, no work to do upon earth ; I travelled on I know not whither, I suppose for near a twelve-month, without note of any matter, or being able to recollect any passage that personally regarded myself.

On a day, in Germany, as I after found, I had got to the top of a hill, and perceived at a distance a large house of entertainment. I felt an unusual keenness of appetite at the  
time,

time, and I quickened my pace in order to satisfy my hunger.

On the road I observed, and soon overtook a little lad, who went softly and drooping before me. The air of melancholy, that appeared in his gesture and gait, gave me a prejudice in his favour, and I saluted him with a heart and voice of affection.

On turning, he shewed me one of the most gracious and sweet minded countenances I had ever seen.

Pray, my pretty lad, said I, where are you going? indeed, sir, he bashfully answered, I know not, myself; it is just as it may happen. And, what is it that you have got in your fatchel? A little fiddle, sir. And, can you play upon it? No sir, I only scrape, and that very sadly: but it helps to keep me from starving? for when people hear what a poor player I am, I believe that it serves to stir their pity toward me, and so I get more by playing ill than well.

But,



But, may I be so free as to ask, what makes you so sad? Ah, don't enquire after that, my dear sir, I beg of you; unless you have a mind to set me a weeping.

Hereupon I dropped a tear, and suppressed my curiosity till we arrived at the inn, where I ordered a warm dinner for my fellow traveller and myself.

When the rage of hunger, as the great poet terms it, was assuaged, I took out a Louis-d'or and putting it into his hand, Here my sweet fellow, said I, pay the reckoning out of this, and then put whatever remains into your own pocket. O, my dearest sir, cried he, catching and kissing my hand, I can no longer deny you any thing; I am ready to satisfy you concerning the question you asked.

My father lived in a village some ten miles from hence. He was a silk weaver by trade; and, with the help of my eldest brother whom he bred to his own business, he maintained himself,

himself, his wife, and seven children of us, sons and daughters; and, as I was his favourite, he sent me to school, where I learned reading, and writing, and to make and cast up figures.

But, now comes the heavy part of my sorrowful story. My dear father died of a distemper that was going; and my dearer mother, whom I loved better than my eyes or than my eyes loved the light, fell in a swoon upon my father's dead body, and never after recovered though we poured the water of our tears upon her, in as great plenty as would nearly have filled her coffin.

As our parents had lived up to the best of their earnings, we poor orphans were obliged to sell their bed and bedding, to pay the mournful cost of putting their dust to dust.

After the burial, as soon as we could open our swelled eyes to see one another, our eldest brother called us together. My dear children, said he, for, good-for-nothing and young as I am, I am, woe the day, your  
only



only father now ! I called you that we may consult, the best we can, how to keep our little household from falling to beggary. As for me, I am willing to work harder and harder than ever. Matthew here is a sturdy fellow, and may be of great help ; and so I am desirous of teaching him the business, and of taking him into partnership. As for our three sweet sisters they may give us great assistance, by still carrying on their spinning and winding. Our youngest brother, as ye all know, must be fed and reared, till he is grown to do something for himself or for us ; and as for our dearest Tom here, meaning me, it shall go very hard but I will keep him to his school-learning. till some thing handsome may turn out for him.

No, my brother, my father, no, cried I, pulling him into my heart ! What, shall I be fed and cockered by the sweat of the brows and the labour of the hands of those, for whom I wish to work my own hands to the bone ? O, never, never, indeed ! The bit

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that I should chew at such a price, would choak me. No, my dears and my darlings all! I learned as ye know, to scrape away at the fiddle; so I will take my instrument with me, and go in heaven's name to seek my fortune and your fortune; and, if it shall please God to send me good luck, ye know that I will not keep any matter of good from you.

I then put my fiddle in its bag, and prepared to be gone—But here—sir—I fear I cannot go on—it breaks my very heart-strings.—For, when they saw me resolved to go, they got all about me, and tore me from one to the other as though they would have me to pieces. And then they all together set up such a doleful cry, as was enough to awake our dear parents in their graves. However, in spite of myself, I tore myself away, though it seemed as if my limbs were tearing from each other.

Here, my young friend put a period to his little narrative; and quickly after, a large  
company



company of carriages, riders, and servants with sumpter horses, swept up to the door.

Immediately, all was hurry and bustle throughout ; and a prepared dinner was served up with all possible dispatch.

In some time a waiter, with a very earnest face, came where my brother fiddler and I sat. If any one here, said he, has a piece of resin, his fortune is made. Here is the great musician Signior Dominichino, and all the rest of the company are met to hear him play : but his servant forgot to put resin in his fiddle case, and a great sum is offered to any who can immediately procure it.

My companion then took out a large piece from his pocket, and generously offered it without condition to the waiter ; but I hastily stopped his hand, and said I would take the delivery upon myself.

Then entering a vast parlour where the company were seated, and respectfully saluting them, Gentlemen said I, here is the resin re-

H. 2:

quired ;

quired; and, were it mine, it should be freely and heartily at your service. But, perhaps, I ought to make the most of it in behalf of a young friend, a very unhappy but very amiable orphan, to whom I have taken a sudden and singular liking. However, gentlemen, I leave matters to your own generosity, when ye shall see him; his countenance, I am confident, will prove a much better orator in his favour than I am. I then gave them a brief summary of little Tom's history, by which many seemed affected, and my friend was called in.

Come here, my child, said Dominichino; can you play on the fiddle? No sir, but I earnestly wish to learn; and what will you give me, if I teach you? I will give you myself, sir; all the love and duty and service of my life. A bargain, cried the great musician.

All then put their hands in their pockets, and made a bountiful contribution for my poor little fellow.

Good



Good sir, said I then to Signior Domini-  
chino, will you be so indulgent as to allow  
your little servant here to return, a few miles  
off, to his desolate brothers and sisters, and  
to give them that money toward the purchase  
of materials for carrying on their trade? With  
all my heart, said the musician; and here is  
something more for so charitable a purpose.

We all, then, made a second contribution  
for this orphan family, and sent my Tommy  
away, laden with wealth and half frantic with  
joy, praying, blessing, exulting, and lastly  
bursting into tears, while my spirit went with  
him to embrace his brothers and sisters one by  
one.

The company then pressed me to sit down  
and take a glass with them, and the celebrated  
artist began to tune his instrument. His fingers,  
as it were magically, flew over and along the  
strings: his execution surpassed any thing I had  
ever heard; it captivated and pleased the ear  
after a wonderful manner: but then it gave us  
rather admiration than delight; it was wholly

void of pathos, and never carried a single sentiment or affection to the heart.

In some six or eight months after, within the confines of Sweden, as I conjecture, while I was passing on my way through a clean-looking village, I saw the president of the district coming up the street attended by two men in livery, who held, between them, a weeping prisoner of about twelve years of age.

As I felt the distress of the child, I stopt to learn his accusation, and to attend the issue of an affair in which I found myself interested.

Soon after, the great man stopt at a decent hamlet, and ordered the master of the house to be called. Carnaro, said he, I have here brought a young reprobate to you; and desire to know what measure of punishment you think due to his guilt? What is his trespass, my lord, demanded the villager, looking wistfully and mournfully toward his child? He is a felon, cried the president; he stole some of my apples; these men caught him in the fact.

Pedro, said the good man, you hear what they



they witness against you. It is true, father answered the boy, it is but too true; and yet it was but two apples, and though they looked very red they were also very little ones; and I only pulled them from the hedge that grows along the high road. Road or no road, cried the ennobled peasant, you knew they were none of your property; did not your conscience accuse you, Pedro, at the time that you did it? It did, father, it did; and I am well satisfied to be severely corrected for my fault.

I thought then that I could have thrust the little fellow into my heart. Ah, said I to myself, I question if all the merits of all thine accusers amount to the virtue even of thy transgression.

The father then ordered his son to strip, and, dropping a tear, and raising a hazle switch that he had in his hand, he chastised him without sparing; while the child, inwardly striving to suppress his complaints, cried, It is right, father, it is right; God bless your hands, my father!

Att

At length, the great man interfered, and acknowledged that he had received sufficient satisfaction. It is not, answered Carnaro, to do justice to your lordship, but to do justice to the principles of my child, that I chastise him; and if you will allow me, I will do equal justice upon others who are delinquents in this matter. With all my heart, Carnaro; but tell me who they are.—They are your apple-trees, my lord, which too lavishly reach forth the goods of their master, to tempt unwary travellers who may be faint by the way; and, with my will, I would lop them off every tree at the root.—You must spare my trees, Carnaro. Then, my lord, said he boldly, you acknowledge yourself a party with the transgressors.

The great man answered not, but turned and walked away.

While Goodman Carnaro stepped to and again before his own door, in silent though apparent agitation, I entered the house without invitation, and yet with as much freedom

as



as though it had been the house of my kindred or old acquaintance. For I felt, within myself, a native right and claim to this humbly noble family.

The first object that presented itself was the mother consoling and weeping over her son. Ah mistress, said I, stepping hastily up, lament not, but rather glory over your child; give also glory to God, who has informed him with principles so highly divine.

I then took the lad from her, and fondly caressing him, My friend and my brother, said I, wherever I stay, or wherever I go, I shall always remember, esteem, and love you. The child looked greatly abashed, and cried, O, sir, do not put me to more shame by your praises; you know I have been a very naughty boy.

I took a strong and cordial prejudice in favour of this family. However, I forbore to indulge myself by any residence with them; and, after two days, I pulled myself away from their growing endearments.

Eight

Eight or ten months after, on a fine summer's morning, while I was playing on my flagellet through the streets of Madrid, I was called into a shop where a lovely young woman, in clean and pleasing apparel, sold hardware and matters of crockery. Come, my lad, said she, we are just going to breakfast, come and sit down along with us and give my children a tune. She then took me condescendingly by the hand, led me into a neat parlour that faced the street door, and desired me to sit at table, where coffee and cakes were ready laid.

Surely, there is somewhat sympathetic in the depth of the nature of man, that takes cordial and quick acquaintance with kindred or congenial souls; some internal magnetism, or matter of silky attraction, whereby we are kindly drawn to affect each other! In short, I had not been above five minutes in the company of this sweetly looking and sweetly speaking creature, when, passing the outward form and boundaries of flesh, my spirit entered and caressed her's as fondly and warmly as though she had been my sister.

I sat



I sat down, as she had ordered me, and began a tune, when, at the first notes, a lovely little boy and a still lovelier girl came capering into the room. Having first jointly embraced and clung about their mother, they came close to me, one on each side, looking up to my face, and greatly wondering how I made the little instrument to speak so prettily, as they termed it.

While we were thus entertained, a man in mean apparel, but of a graceful port and mien, came and stood at the outer door. Madam, said he, hesitating, and bashfully looking in, will you allow a poor stranger and traveller to sit down and rest himself? By all means, said she courteously, step in, I pray you; and if you will come and do as we do, you are heartily welcome.

The man's dejected countenance brightened up into high pleasure at this kindly invitation; and he cast on our hostess a look of such impassioned love, as I never saw given by any being to another.

Having

Having eaten a piece of cake, and sipped a dish of coffee, Pray, madam, said he, are not you of the family of the Pachecos? Yes sir, said she respectfully: my husband too is of noble descent, and is the first of his name that ever followed a trade. He was a young officer in the troops, when we married for love. This step irreconcilably offended my eldest brother, at whose disposal my father had unhappily left me: he refused to pay my fortune; and, as my husband had little more than the grandeur of his title, we were reduced to earn our bread by our present occupation. But, the providence of our God can enrich, and his blessing can ennoble the meanest profession.

Madam, rejoined the stranger, I had the honour of being acquainted with one of your name in the West-Indies, from whence I am but lately returned. Of my name? cried she, and started up from her seat, perhaps—perhaps, my youngest brother, my dearest Jeronimo? His name indeed was Jeronimo, replied the traveller. He was once in affluent circumstances: but the hand that opens, can shut;



shut ; and He who gives plentifully, blessed be his name, can also take away ! Low as your brother may be in the world, he is not forgetful of you. He desired me to seek you out, and to remind you of him by a sure and loving token, that when ye were both children, and he happened to break the great pier looking-glass, you took the blame and the punishment upon yourself. Ah, she exclaimed, looking piercingly at him, mayhap you are he ? I am, indeed ; I am your brother, your Jeronimo, my dearest Therefa !

She then uttered a great shout, and sprung and caught at him, and repeatedly folding him to her bosom, she wept aloud ; while he, bending his head to her breast, wept with her, and tenderly and passionately answered to all her endearments. O, now, she cried, it is now that I wish for wealth, that I might communicate and impart to the occasions of my brother. As for me, I am rich enough ; God has given me my Jeronimo, and he is great possessions.

He then turned, and beholding the two delighting infants, Are these your's, my sister? Yes, they are those whom God was pleased to send to comfort me in the days of my affliction, when all other relations refused to acknowledge me. Hereupon he took them fondly between his knees, and kissing and caressing them, he cried, My little brother and my little sister! my flesh and my bone!

After some more time spent in rapturous though incoherent questions and answers, even as between lovers in their first stage of love, Don Pedro de Caravalla happened to come in. He was of a tall and haughty stature; but then this offence was wholly atoned by the humbled dignity and amiableness of his aspect and demeanour. He was apparelled, agreeable to his mortifying station, in a labourer's frock and apron; for he had industriously learned to make the wares that he sold, and was beginning to come on and thrive amain.

My dear, said his blessing consort, this is our brother Jeronimo, whom you have so often



often heard me mention with expressions of delight, as well as tears of anguish. Alas! he, like us, has encountered his misfortunes, and is reduced in the world; but, we think of misfortune no more, now that we have got him.

Don Pedro then quickly eyed Jeronimo from head to foot, and opening his arms, and affectionately embracing him, he cried, The brother of my Theresa is a large part of myself.

When all were seated and settled, My brother, said Don Pedro, though we have lost of our dignity, God has been pleased greatly to bless and prosper our endeavours. I rejoice at it for your sake, and for my own also. I cannot, indeed, but grieve at your losses; but am so selfish, as to wish to make them my own gains. Come then, thou dearest brother of thy Pedro and thy Theresa, come and dwell with us. You shall have the whole of our hearts, and the half of our possessions; and the love of God, and of each other, shall be our abundant treasure. My noblest, my noblest

brother ! cried Jeronimo in a transport, while he clasped Pedro's hand, the tear starting from his eye.

Do you propose, my brother, said Theresa, to see the family of the Pachecos ? No, never to see them again, if I can avoid their detestable faces, answered Jeronimo. I have already been with them, our two brothers and our two equally unnatural sisters. They are all nearly as opulent as they are proud and contumacious. They scorned to hold any acquaintance with my poverty, and even refused to cast their eye on the testimonials that I was of their blood. God reform them, prayed Theresa, though he should bring them, even by suffering, to a sense of their guilt !

Here, Don Pedro went out to order a dinner answerable to the welcome of his guest, while I took up a guitar that lay on a side table, and touching it, sung and played, " How blessed the meeting ! &c."

Though, in the general, throughout my travels, I was wholly shut in from the world  
and



and its concerns, and solely conversant with the heart-sinking, heart-rending, yet heart-delighting remembrance of the long lost and lamented object of every affection ; though, while my soul dwelt and brooded over the forever revolved instances of our infantine connections, of the toyfomness and fascinating fooleries of our childhood, and turned with disgust from all that might divert it from its capital concern ; I have yet shewn you, that, at times, I have been reluctantly taken away from the darling subject of my meditations ; but never, save where the occasion called me forth to something similar and congenial to my feelings for my beloved, to the emotions that were interesting to a fond and melting heart.

We sat down to dinner together ; and as I found myself quite happy in the happiness of this exulting family, I gave a loose to an unusual gaiety of disposition, and each person at table was delightingly elated in the joys of the company ; for our festivity was that of hearts, and not of merry-making.

When we had finished a flask of wine, Don Jeronimo rose to be gone. His hosts pressed him to stay; but he told them he had some little matters to transact, and that he would be with them in two or three days at farthest. He then slipped a piece of money into my hand; when, looking and perceiving that it was a pistole, Excuse me, sir, said I, indeed I cannot take it; you may want it yourself: and, dare I take the liberty, I would gladly add five more of my own money to it. I was mistaken, said he carelessly, and returned it into his pocket; then, eying me with surprize and a fixed attention, Brother, said he earnestly, don't suffer this youth to depart till I have seen you again.

In truth, I did not find myself inclined to depart, at least while I saw them depressed in their fortunes and dignities. For, though I never payed great deference to dignity in high station, yet my heart felt kindly for it, and bowed down before it, when I saw it in distress.

During



During the absence of Don Jeronimo, Don Pedro and his wife took an extraordinary partiality to me. Our hearts were akin; and they saw that I was active and interested in all their concerns. The children also, with their will, would never be from my side; and they engaged me to be a party in all their little fooleries. This reminded me of the times past, never more to return! and the sigh heaved and heaved in my bosom, and the tear stole down in secret.

In three days after, Don Jeronimo entered attired as before. He came just as we were sitting down to dinner, and joy brightened in every countenance at his presence. Come, my friends, said he, I will make one with you, and must put you to the cost of another flask.

During our repast, madam Theresa dropt some very interesting questions; and we gathered from her brother's answers, that he had gone to New Spain when very young, and had changed his name on his marriage with a great heiress: that his wife was now dead,  
but

but had left him a daughter, his only child, now turned of thirteen years of age. And where is this precious daughter, my dearest brother, cried Theresa; shall I not see her, shall I not embrace her as my own bowels, my brother? She will be here in an hour or two, if she does not forget my directions, slightly answered Jeronimo.

When the cloth was removed, and a temperate glass had gone about, My noble brother, said Jeronimo, I hope I have brought to you what may entitle me to a third flask, should there be occasion. I belong to the duke and governor of Lima, who is lately returned to court. I knew he was a just and compassionate man; and I took the liberty of representing to him the wrong that our brother had done you. He resented it as highly as though it had been his own case; and he procured an order on our eldest brother for seven thousand pistoles, being your dividend, my sister, of the personal fortune of our father.

He then put his hand to his bosom, and taking out a piece of parchment, Here, said he,  
is



is the order, signed by his majesty's first minister and the chief justiciary ; you have nothing to do but to send and receive your money.

How glad I am of this, my noblest brother, exclaimed Pedro, bouncing up and clapping his hands ! why, this money may be the means of retrieving all your losses. My losses, my brother ? Sure no part of it belongs to me. Indeed, but the whole is your own right and property, replied the generous Pedro ; we should never have fingered a maravedi of it, had it not been of your procuring ; besides, my Theresa and I can do very well without. You must not persuade me to be guilty of such a robbery, smilingly answered Jeronimo. Well then, rejoined Pedro, I'll tell you how we will compromise matters ; you shall only take six thousand, and we will accept the seventh, as a gift at your hands ; that, with our own industry, will make us abound : what say you, my Theresa ? I say, answered Theresa, that the half of that seventh, with the possession of our Jeronimo, will be more than the world's wealth.

While

While they were in the midst of this warm altercation of love and generosity, the dazzling state coach of the lord governor of Lima, drawn by six bounding jennets, rolled up to the door. All of us, save Don Jeronimo, started up in astonishment. My heavens! exclaimed Theresa, if this should happen to be the lord governor himself, how shall we do to receive him suitable to his own greatness and our obligations? Do not alarm yourself, my sister, carelessly said Jeronimo; I believe there is no one but my daughter in the coach.

Here, we cast a confused and inquisitive eye on each other, as desirous of asking what all this might mean?—We were soon put out of doubt. The duke's gentleman slipped from behind, and went and respectfully opened the coach door, when, out jumped a young lady, and tript nimbly into the house. As she entered the parlour, she gracefully and smilingly curtsied to all about; then, flying to Don Jeronimo, she clasped him about the neck and repeatedly kissed his forehead, saying, I hope, my lord, I have punctually performed your orders.

She



She then turned, and advancing passionately to Donna Theresa, My heart tells me, said she, that this is my precious aunt, the only relation that would acknowledge her poor little Agnes, and the only relation that her Agnes will ever acknowledge ! Here she clasped and repeatedly kissed her with ardour ; while the aunt stood quite confounded, and as a statue, in the midst of her caresses.

She then turned to Don Pedro, and surveying him with a piercing attention, If I mistake not, said she, this is my noble uncle, who, however overcast, as the sun is at times, has graced the nobility of our blood with the better dignity of his virtues : so saying, and circling him as close as she could with her little arms, Henceforth, she cried, be you another father to me, a second beloved and honoured father !

Ah, how ardent, and how sweet, are the affections of unbiaſſed innocence, before they are called off by the fooleries of faſhion, or narrowed by the ſtill baſer attention to ſelf ! This creature appeared all angel, a ſeraphic flame  
of

of love. She was, I believe, one of the loveliest brunettes whom the warmly gazing sun had ever tinged with his beams. Her features were a group of sentiments; her eyes looked as the interpreters of a little heaven within her; and her complexion, seemed to say to the lily and carnation, Away from me, ye have no part in the province of beauty? I saw, wondered, approved, and looked at her with delight, while yet my heart refused to take any interest in her.

She then turned to me: I fancy, said she smiling, that you are the youth who wanted to enrich the governor of Lima; and, the least that becomes us, on our part, is to return some little instance of your own generosity: be pleased to wear this ring, in remembrance of him who is my dearest father, and very much your friend. She then presented me with a brilliant of the first water; while I struggled within myself, between the delicacy of rejecting her favour, and the reluctance I felt in being so richly obliged.

At



At length, beholding the little infants who were unconcernedly sporting in a corner, she ran to them, and stooping and kissing and toying with them, Will ye let me into your baby house, will ye have me for a little play fellow, my darlings, she cried; or will ye have me for a little mother? I promise to be a very tender and loving little mother to you, indeed.

All the mystery was now unfolded; no room was left for farther question or doubt. We sat down again to our wine: but the family, for a time, appeared constrained and overawed by the dignity of the persons who sat before them; till the duke, by the ease and affability of his manners, sunk down to the level of those about him, and so restored all to freedom, festivity, and joy.

I declare to you, that, for a time, I had wholly lost the remembrance of my own griefs and concerns, and lived only in the happiness of the blissful company about me. Brother, said the governor, you will oblige me by quitting your present house and occupation; and here your

Agnes presents you with a bill of ten thousand pistoles, to put you into an equipage suitable to the post and station that the king has appointed for you. Here Don Pedro started up, and would have cast himself at the feet of his benefactor; but the duke caught him in his arms, and cried, Do not seek to oppress me, my brother; these acknowledgements are painful to me. Under the semblance of distress and poverty, you took me to your bosom, and would have shared your substance with me. But I am too proud to be outdone either in love or generosity. I have not yet payed you the half of what is due to your own merits; nor even a tenth of what is due to the husband of my Theresa.

Here Theresa strove to speak, but utterance was denied her: she would have arisen to throw herself under the feet of her Jeronimo, but she remained all pale and motionless in her seat.

We were all fearfully alarmed at the agitation under which she laboured. Don Pedro, lady Agnes, and I, ran precipitately several  
ways



ways to get matters to relieve her; while her brother hastily took a seat beside her: then, fondly bending over, and laying her head in his bosom, Great and gracious power, he cried, take, take the Indies, but O, leave me my Theresa!

An hysterical fit of tears at length restored her to us, but did not suddenly restore us to our late spirits and gaiety.

I had observed, from the beginning, that Don Jeronimo, at times, used to eye me with a penetrating attention, as if seeking to know what I was, or could be, more than my present appearance. He then would ask me several questions, and seemed pleased and sometimes struck by the peculiarity of my answers.

As soon as we were composed and settled from the late alarm, he fixed an uncommon look of tenderness upon me. I think, said he, it were a pity that any of the present company should ever be parted from the rest; what say you to it, my Thomason! I say, my lord, that, were I in search after happiness,

pinefs, I fhould never bear to be divided or torn away from your lordfhip.

You oblige me inexpressibly, returned the duke, with fome emotion. I henceforth fet you down and feal you for my own. I will take the charge of your fortunes entirely on myfelf; I will procure you a place at court, as near my own perfon as poffible; and here is a bill for a thoufand piftoles upon the city-bank, to put yourfelf into a retinue that may answer to the ftation for which I intend you.

I looked down; I was filent; I was diftressed paff expression. I put the bill a little from me, with a motion of the deepeft acknowledgment and refpect. No, my lord, faid I, with a gliftening tear, I cannot, indeed I cannot, either accept of your farther bounties, or clofe with your propofals. What, faid he, with a rifing kind of indignation, are you fo very lofty? Do you fpurn my friendly offers? Do you reject all the inftances of my love, with difdain?

O, my



O, my lord, cried I, how you oppress me, how widely you mistake my purpose ! I accept, I embrace, with unspeakable gratitude, the whole of the benevolence that your largesses contain ; it is precious, it is truly enriching to my soul ; the memory thereof shall endure with my existence ; and I shall weep over the recollection of your unmerited goodness to me, when I am doomed to behold my friend and benefactor no more. Yes, my lord, the kind proof that you have given of your regard, is infinitely dearer and more estimable to me than all the wealth and glories that the world can confer : I turn from them with disgust ; they are of no consequence to me. Alas, it was from a superabundance of such distasteful matters, that I escaped and fled away !

You astonish me above measure, exclaimed the duke. Are you not then of this world ? Have you not appetites and sensations the same as we have ? I would give a whole province to know who and what you are.

Above all living, my lord, you are entitled to an answer. I am an unhappy youth, a vo-

luntary exile from country, parents and kindred. I conceived an invincible passion for a lovely young creature—Ah, so lovely, as scarce to be equalled by your adorable Agnes herself!—but death tore her from me, and life is become a desolation. I wander through the world, avoiding the irksome society of men, that I may have leisure to entertain myself with the memory of my beloved, to which I am indissolubly, eternally wedded.

Then come, my dearest Thomason, cried the governor, with a look inexpressibly engaging, come to us and us alone; you shall be as utterly secreted as you please from mankind. We shall have you all to ourselves; we shall love and delight in you; and, next to my Agnes, my Theresa, and my Pedro, you shall be nearest to my heart. We will contrive a thousand means to comfort and console you. I myself regard the world and the things of the world, near as lightly, perhaps, as you yourself, my Thomason: but then, I regard love wherever I see it, wherever I find it; I regard it as the rarest and most inestimable of all treasures; and I clasp it to my bosom as a portion  
of



of myself. You must not then think of forsaking us, my son ; I have seen that you delight in communicating happiness ; and your departure would fill us all with affliction and regret.

I trembled, and, I believe, turned pale on the occasion. Ah, my lord, I cried, you pierce, you wring my heart ! But it will not, it cannot be ; you invite me to misery, by inviting me to consolation.

I am as a wintery bird of passage, that hates and flies off from the approach of coming summer, and goes to reside amid the frosts and gloomy wastes of the long-nighted Zembla.

When you, my lord, and your dear friends here, appeared distressed and in poverty, my soul sought and cleaved to you, as a particle of iron to adamant : but a part of that magnetism is now dissolved ; ye are all happy now, all happy in the highest degree ; and I must go again, to seek the loved seats of affliction.

But, in parting, shall I forget you ? O, never, never, never ! Your happiness shall be  
my

my happiness, the only happiness I will taste of. My tears shall drop, and drop, on the memory of you all, as I go along the weary and lonesome way ; and I will soothe and console my proper griefs, with the remembrance of your graciousness to a lorn and desolate stranger.

Adieu then, my dearest lord, friend and habitant of my heart ! So saying, I threw myself at the knees of his highness, and seizing his hand, I wept plentifully upon it, and they all wept with me.

At length I cried, Stop your tears, stop your tears, I pray you ; I can bear them no longer ! I am not going presently——But, I find myself sick ; I will go and lie down a little—I have been too much agitated.

I then rose and dropped away ; and, as I went, espied Lady Agnes, with her face to the window, and her back to the company, to conceal her emotions.

By the dawn of the following day I rose ; and gently awaking a man-servant, and putting  
ting



ting a piece of money into his hand, My good friend, said I, I have earnest business abroad, and request you to let me out as softly as possible. He accordingly complied. I kissed the hospitable door at parting ; and, moving a melancholy pace through the city, I wept my everlasting adieu to Madrid.

On a day, as my way happened through Valladolid, I perceived a great crowd coming toward me at a distance. Advancing farther, I saw a genteel-looking man in the hands of some officers of justice ; and approaching, I observed that his face was the pale picture of dismay and despair. Pray, said I, to one who walked aloof, is this gentleman a prisoner on account of any crime ? No, he answered, he is only taken for debt. And how much may his debt amount to ? To about three hundred pistoles, as I am told. But I do not pity him ; he well deserves his fate ; for he made, as report goes, but a very so so husband to the heavenliest wife in the world : there comes the poor creature, with her weeping infants about her.

No.

No object, as I imagine, so strongly excites the cordial sense called humanity, as female beauty in distress. But here, it was attended by all the dirgeful accompaniments of helpless and wailing infancy, abandoned to oppression, and forsaken of the world. I saw, I felt for the wretched father, for the mother lovely in woe, and for all her little turtles, who crouded around to shelter themselves under her drooping wings; and my heart was melted within me by this complication of miseries.

I now sorely repented that I had declined the bounteous offers of the duke of Lima, when the precious gift of my lovely lady Agnes occurred to my remembrance. I had wrapped it in a bit of velvet, and thrust it into a secret pocket, and never saw or thought of it more till this very instant; and so I exulted on the occasion of employing it to a purpose so much richer than itself. I took it out, and hastened up to accost the fair mourner; when, seeing me, she started and gave a short scream: Blessed Mary! she cried, you are the very person, and in the same habit and place in which you appeared to me last night, in the  
depth



depth of my dream, and told me that God had sent you to my relief. I answered not to the point ; but, putting the ring into her hand—Here,—sell this diamond, discharge your creditors—and keep the remaining value to your own use.—So saying, I vanished at the turn of a corner ; and left her with the grateful and pious impression on her mind, that God had immediately interposed in her favour.

Long, very long after, I understood that I was in Italy. A large and superb palace, with sumptuous decorations, and gardens deliciously disposed and widely expanded, lay in my view : but I staid not to enquire concerning the inhabitants or proprietors. My soul shrunk from all connection with station or grandeur ; it sought the lovely littlenesses, the vales and descents of life ; and I pushed forward to a poor farm-house that stood at a small distance before me.

I was weary, I was athirst ; 'so I entered and besought a draught of clean water, and a bed of straw to lie upon. The family, at first, gave small attention to my necessities. I  
perceived

perceived that they were in trouble and perplexity for themselves. This was no season for entertaining them with music; their minds were all out of tune. So, taking a drink of water, which a little wench offered to me with a curtsy and a gracious look, I began to interest myself in the affairs of the household.

Pray, my good friend, what is the matter? You all seem to be under some heavy distress. Ah sir, signior Sagani, our lord's steward, swears he will sell us and our effects to-morrow morning for the rent, if we do not submit to one naughty condition. And pray, what is that condition? It is to yield our daughter there to his foul desires. And do you intend to comply? Alas, master, what can we do? My wife there seems to think we have no other shift for it.—What may your debt amount to? —To so much, kind sir.—I protest I have not half that sum about me; but I will wish, and pray too, that God may send you deliverance in the hour of your necessity.—Wishes, master, wishes! what signify 'empty wishes?—They may not be so empty, friend, as you seem to imagine; good and kind hearted wishes are of  
great



great strength and power, to pull down blessings, as it were by force, upon the objects of their good will.

But tell me, why don't you complain to your lord of the iniquity of his steward? Ay, so we would, master, if we knew how to get at him; for, they say he is very good: but then there are so many about him to catch his goodness by the way, that none of it can ever descend to his poor vassals; and though he should stand within a few paces of us, he yet is kept as distant from us as if he was at Constantinople.

The next morning, as we were sitting down to some rice and herbs, my host entered with a whole prologue of joy in his countenance. Your prayers are heard, my dear master, he cried. Here is the very purse of our lord himself, all wrought of silver twist and his name in a cypher. Not long after dawning, as I walked along the copse, I spied somewhat glistering on one of the bushes; so my heart jumped within me, and I pricked all my legs in my haste to get at it. It hung by a thorny

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branch ; my lord must have lost it yesterday while he was shooting at partridges : it feels pretty heavy, but I was too overjoyed to look what was in it.

He then opened and poured out a whole handful of gold ; at the sight of which his wife and children jumped and plunged about, as though they had been feverally bitten by a tarantula.

I now began to be in pain for the principles of my host. Well, said I, what will you do with all this money ? Eh—what say you, do with it ?—why aye—that in truth is a question.—You know it is none of yours ; you know it belongs to another.—Yes, yes, I must confess it ; indeed, I did not think of that. Well then, must I return all this to the right owner ?—I advise nothing, said I ; do just as you please. Bless me, he cried, you put me all in a sweat, by thinking, and doubting, and striving this way and that !

The family then began to vociferate with great violence, and, Pay your rents, pay your  
rents



rents, pay your rents, husband ! pay your rents, father ! was uttered and re-echoed all around.

What shall I do, my good master, exclaimed the poor man ? I would be honest, indeed I would be honest, if I could : but, shall all your kind prayers for me be thrown away then ? No, said I, they answer a most heavenly purpose ; they give you an opportunity of proving yourself an honest man.

Alas, alas, he replied, shall my daughter then be whored, my wife and children sold to slavery and, mayhap, severed from me for ever ?

Your temptation, said I, is exceeding great indeed. Yet, trust that the God, who sent you this to make a trial of your virtue, has infinite sorts of means, in an hour, in a minute, to deliver those from evil, who put their confidence in him.

Well then, I will trust—but, should he fail me, sir ? Fear not, said I ; do but add faith

to your truth, and I pawn to you my life upon the consequence.

Here, the family again came crouding and clamouring around, and earnestly urged the father to keep the money : but he thrust them from him, and cried, What, would ye send me to the devil, or, what is worse, have me stretched on the wheel for theft and robbery ?

So he returned all the money into the purse, and out we issued upon our expedition to the palace.

As soon as we had entered the second court, a number of officers came thronging about us, and were urgently inquisitive to know our business : however I heeded them not, but, calling out to the men in livery, with a voice of authority, Here, said I, conduct me instantly to your lord ; I have business of immediate and pressing consequence to him.

One of the servants then shewed us to a back room library, where his eminence, the marquis della Scala, sat lolling in an easy chair, with



with musical instruments, and a few books and papers scattered before him.

My lord, said I, I have here brought one of your vassals to your eminence, a man of very singular honesty and worth. He found your purse this morning : he might have kept it unsuspected ; but he comes of his own accord to restore it to you.

That is a matter of wonder indeed, said the marquis ; but is not the purse empty, has he left any thing in it ? I have not taken a single quatrini please your royalty, said the pale and trembling peasant. You are very right indeed, cried the marquis with some surprise ; I find it is all here. But tell me, my good fellow, were you not strongly tempted to keep it to yourself ? Yes, greatly, greatly tempted indeed, please your holiness ; for my necessities were great also ; and truth is, that I fear I should not have given it back, had it not been for the persuasions of that young gentleman.

The marquis then paused awhile ; and again raising his head, with a peculiar nobleness

opening and shining in his aspect, What, said he to his vassal, shall you loose by your virtue, what you would have gained by your default? It must not be, it must not be. Leave me the empty purse, take the money to yourself, and here are twenty pieces more as a reward for your honesty.

The poor creature, in a transport, dashed himself prostrate at the feet of his lord, and then, crawling to me, he clasped my knees, and kissed my hands, praising and blessing me for the advice I had given him.

Rise friend, said I, pray rise; but stay here awhile, I have not yet done with you. Then, turning to the marquis, I said,

The princely action, my lord, to which I have just been witness, so deeply interests me in your favour, that I cannot see you imposed upon without singular regret. I doubt, my lord, that you are besieged by the officers of your own household; and that they will not allow you to hear or to see any thing, but  
merely.



merely through the medium of their own organs.

You infinitely oblige me by your freedom, replied the marquis. Sit down, sir, pray sit down. I see that you are a gentleman, a noble fellow; I respect you as such. Now, please to proceed,

Your steward, Sagani, for some time past; my lord, endeavoured to seduce the daughter of this poor peasant to his libidinous desires; and threatened her parents, that, if they did not oblige their child to comply, he would seize all their effects, and sell them with every member of their household for slaves.

Now, my lord, independent of the enormity of such proceedings, they are of the most treasonable tendency with respect to your eminence; they strike at the life of your honour, they stab the heart of your fame. For, if such flagitious doings pass wholly unpunished, may it not be surmised that they pass not unprotected? will it not be presumed, that the wickednesses committed

committed under your authority, are also committed by it?

On my word, my new friend, replied the marquis, your speech is exceeding free; but I will not be offended.—Such home truths, however, are rarely grateful to station. Go, fellow, go home, and bring your wife and daughter hither directly. An please you, my liege, I believe they are below; I saw that they followed me to the out gates of your palace. He went and brought them up; and the marquis, having examined them, sent hastily for Sagan.

As soon as the wretch entered and beheld his accusers countenanced by his lord, he turned pale and trembled, as under the sentence of self conviction. Here, cried the marquis to his servants, drag this felon from my presence, have him publicly castrated in the base court, and then turned out with ignominy!

He then dismissed his vassals. I also offered to withdraw, but he requested me to stay. He then took me by the hand, and, pressing it, said,



said, I thank you, my young but very sage friend ! you, have opened my eyes. I see that I have been infinitely imposed upon by all in whom I confided. My other officers, unquestionably, must have been privy, and of a party with this traitor, Sagani. What would you advise me—shall I sweep them all off, and look out for others ?

No, my lord, I replied ; give them only to know, that your door shall fly open to the complaints of your people, and that you are determined to see and hear with your own eyes and ears, and they will not dare to transgress under such an inspection.

Soon after, the great bell rung loudly for dinner, and my lord told me he must have my company at his own table. Do you play on any of these instruments, Mr. Thomason ? Not on any of them, my lord. We are great lovers of music in this house ; my daughter, in particular, performs ravishingly on the viol d'amour. Ah, Thomason, she is the heavenliest of all earthly creatures ! her hand is sought by most of the princes and potentates of Italy,  
and

and her miniatures are multiplied and sent through all nations. Look well to your heart, Thomason; should she come before you go, should you happen to see her, I shall tremble for you. Fear not for me, my lord; I am not an Icarus; I never shall suffer by soaring a pitch too high.

Just then, we were ushered into dinner. That morning I had put on some filky cloaths of light portage, to make my advocacy for my poor host more respectable, so that I did not do his eminence any violent disgrace.

The celebrated Geminiani made a third at table, while the rest of the musicians played a concert during dinner.

When the cloth was removed, and the rest of the artists withdrawn to their meal; our companion took his cremona, and played to us a number of enchanting tunes, selected from all nations, particularly those soft and sentimental airs, said to be composed by David Rezzio for Mary queen of Scots.

When.



When we were fated with music, his eminence invited me to take a walk in his gardens. I know not how it happens, my friend, said he musing—my revenues are very great; and and yet they scarce serve to defray the expenses of my household, and to pay my troops. Indeed, I do not push my tenantry very hard for their rents: the truth is, that my people, though many in number, are very poor and very lazy, and have little or nothing of art or industry among them. And pray, my lord, what may the number of your military amount to? Between five and six thousand foreign mercenaries.

Well, my lord, it would not become me to advise, and much less to dictate: permit me, however, to suppose a few matters. I suppose boldly, my lord—suppose that you should at once enfranchise all your vassals; and settle on them and their posterity, as in some other countries, an ensured tenure of what they now respectively occupy. I think that, on such a condition, your people would gladly engage to raise their rents a third, and  
would

would shortly be enabled to pay you two-fold your present income.

But would not this greatly abridge my power, Thomason? It would, my lord, abridge your power of doing hurt, of bringing ruin upon wretches who are under your protection; but then it would infinitely encrease the powers of your benevolence, of shining like the sun with benignity and blessings upon all around you.

Let me farther suppose, that your highness should invite and engage a number of artists, craftsmen, mechanics, and munufacturers, to come and reside among your people; and to instruct them in the respective arts and occupations, by which free and populous nations have learned to prosper. Suppose you should publish several degrees of rewards and bounties for such of your tenantry as shall come to excel in agriculture, spinning, weaving, the operation of metals and various wares, and the working up of their materials to the highest perfection.

Suppose,



Suppose, in order to get quit of the vast cost and incumbrance of such a host of foreign mercenaries, who are no way concerned or interested in the safety of your eminence or the protection of your territories, farther than with a view to their stipulated hire ; suppose, I say, that you should have the growing sons of your tenants trained up to robust and martial exercises, and instructed in all the disciplines and evolutions of warfare—how advantageously would such a host of youthful and vigorous natives supply the languid place of cold-hearted foreigners ! These would have a stake to fight for ; a property, a country, parents, kindred, a household ; together with a revered and beloved patron in your excellency ; and they would defend and contend for you, to the latest gasp of their breath.

You are right ; I am convinced ; I am all on fire to put this glorious scheme in execution ! Have you any thing farther to add ? I have, my lord ; and I wish to heaven it may be equally agreeable.

Your will, at present, appears to be the supreme dictator throughout your estates ; and I have already seen so much of the disposition of your highness, that, were you to live for ever, I never should advise any law save your own will and good pleasure. But, your heirs may degenerate ; and your whole people be undone, by the illicit power and intemperance of a single ruler. Suppose then, that your excellency should have a code of laws, digested agreeable to the justice and benignity of your own heart, whereby the governor himself shall consent to be governed, and which, to the end of time, shall remain a sovereign rule to all future sovereigns and all future subjects.

But tell me, my friend Thomason, can you give me a single instance, throughout history, where any prince, once possessed of absolute authority, consented to depart from it in favour of his people ?

Yes, my lord, there was Theseus, Minos, Numa, with a few other worthily celebrated legislators, who compiled laws of equal restraint,



fraint, to themselves and their subjects, from doing injury to any, whereby the blessing of common liberty redounded to all.

Nay, replied the marquis, as to my own particular, I have no manner of exception. I am no way ambitious of the power of doing those mischiefs which I do not find myself inclined to. Is this the last of your admonitions, Mr. Thomason?

Not altogether, my lord. Would you be perfect, would you be happy above all upon earth, you must imitate the Father which is in heaven: you must go forth in person among your people; be acquainted and familiar with them; call them severally by their names; enquire courteously into the welfare of themselves and their household; reprove the indolent and culpable, applaud and reward the virtuous and industrious; inspect into and remark the improvements they shall have made in their culture and manufactures; shew yourself cordially and paternally interested in all the interests of your subjects; regard them as your children, that they may regard you as the dearest

of all fathers ; and, at the sight of your aspect, the hearts and the countenances of your whole people shall gladden, as the Persians at the rising of that sun which they worshipped : and you would shortly behold the whole extent of your cultivated and flourishing territories, as a new Canaan or Eden, rising and spreading around you.

On the morrow, toward evening, while the marquis and I, with coffee before us, sat talking over the little politics of the preceeding day, the lady Armida della Scala entered the room. She hastened to throw herself into the bosom of her father, who received her with the fondest the most rapturous caresses. He kissed her eyes, her cheeks, her forehead ; he tenderly complained of her three days absence ; and looked upon her with eyes expressive of adoration.

When she deigned to observe that a third person was in the room, I bowed with low respect. She declined not from her state, but cast upon me a look of the most mortifying disdain that ever was detached from station to inferiority.

His



His eminence noted the glance she gave me; and turning to her said, with an accent of some severity, Armida della Scala you must not look down upon my friend and favourite, you must not look down on the benefactor of your father.

Thenceforward, she regarded me with an attention less unfavourable; and she sought, in my eyes, for that admiration and astonishment, with which she concluded her presence must have struck me; but her enquiries returned to her with very cold intelligence.

Her person, to say the truth, was the most perfectly elevated, and the most refinedly turned, of all the female forms, save one, I ever set my eyes on. Her features too were of a symmetry that said to all criticism, take exception if you can; and it might be said of her, as it was of Absalom, that, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, no fault no defect can be found in Armida.

But then her eyes were but too faithfully the interpreters of her spirit. They were not

of the gentle or slow-rolling cast : they were, I confess, the brightest of all luminaries ; but then their fire was rather consuming than enlivening. And, in the whole, she affected me as the opposite end of a steel magnet, which has all the powers of repulsion without the virtues of attraction.

When we had entered on some general and uninteresting converse, the commanding Armida turned to me and said, Are the ladies of your England very fair, Mr. Thomason ? Unfortunately for them, they are extremely so, madam. Unfortunately ! why unfortunately, Mr. Thomason ? Because, madam, where your sex are gifted with beauty, they, almost universally, neglect and put a slight upon all other graces and attractions.

I find, Thomason, said his eminence, that when I desired you to be aware of my daughter, I needed not to bid my daughter be aware of you ; for you positively make the worst courtier in the universe. I smiled unconcernedly ; the lady blushed deeply, but suppressed her indignation.

The



The marquis then took me very lovingly by the hand. Well, my valued friend, said he, when shall we enter upon our great reform? You must be sensible that I can do little or nothing without you; I am indolent, and unskilled in such weighty matters. You must even be executor of your own plan; you shall be to me as Joseph was to Pharaoh, the ruler of the ruler, and of his whole estate; and I will settle upon you a revenue of twenty thousand chequins, yearly.

My lord, said I, with a flush of rising gratitude and affection, it wrings me at the heart that I cannot comply with your endearing proposals. But, my duties and avocations are of such a nature, that not a million yearly, no, not that inviolate attachment which I feel to your highness, can detain me from those places to which I must depart, and that very speedily. I believe I looked grieved. I rose with a springing tear of regard in my eye, and, bowing; dejectedly, I withdrew to my apartment.

May I adventure to observe, ladies, that numbers of your sex are affected, at times,  
with

with strange and unaccountable caprices? They seem to have a native propensity for flying those who pursue them; and for pursuing, with the greater eagerness, those who fly farthest from them. Whether it is that their vanity cannot bear the loss of an individual from the group of their admirers, or how otherwise I know not; but they are seen to neglect the bulk and sum of their suitors, while a stray or scape lover is endeared to them, by his flight, above all the rest of the flock.

Servants, officers, and dependents, are very intelligent; as their own interests set them perpetually on the watch, and observant of whatever is doing about them. They had marked and admired at the singular regard which their lord had for me, and they proportionably paid me their court and their obeisance.

I could not, in common decency, but seem to attend to their addresses and informations, though they regarded matters concerning which I was no way solicitous.

From



From them I learned, that lady Armida ruled, with a despotic authority, over her father and all his affairs : that, from the day of her birth, she never had been controuled or contradicted in any thing : that her mother died before she was three years of age ; and that her father, through an idolatrous fondness for her, had declined taking any other woman to his bed : that her temper was obstinate, imperious, and impetuous : that she always carried a little poinard about her ; and that, in her childhood, she had stabbed a male slave, for only daring to lay his benevolent hand upon her, to prevent her from leaping down too great a height.

These accounts, you may be sure, gave me no favourable impression of this consummate beauty, and I conceived an internal aversion for her ; but I quickly after learned not to take up with sudden opinions or prejudices.

One day, while she stood gracefully questioning and chatting to me, respecting the countries through which I had travelled, her favourite maid came in and, beckoning to her,  
whispered

whispered somewhat in her ear. Immediately I saw the tear rise and swell to her eye, and the muscles of her fine face relax into the cast of heaven-informing compassion.

She went with her maid down stairs, when, looking out at a window, I saw a poor woman standing dolefully at the out-door, with an infant in her arms. What the complainant said to her kind patroness, I know not ; but I perceived lady Armida listening to her with attention, and putting a handkerchief to her eyes ; when, condescendingly kissing the child, she applied to both pockets, and poured a parcel of silver coin into the apron of the petitioner.

In truth, for some time past, a great change became observable in the manners of lady Armida ; her eyes lost of their fierceness, a sweet languor took place of her authoritative air, and she spoke and looked with complacency upon all around her.

My chamber lay backward, and detached, as it were, from the rest of the palace. So,

ON



on a night when it was late, and all the household as I supposed laid fast in their beds, I fitted the joints of my pipe, and began to touch and practise some of those melting Scotch airs that had so much pleased me from the finger of signior Geminiani. My soul was in the dirgeful mood; and so I varied the measures conformable to my disposition, making melancholy more sad. The moment I stopped, I heard a tapping at my door. On opening it, I was astonished at the sight of the marquis himself, with a whole group of males and females clustering about him; and my eye caught a glance of the lady Armida, just as she vanished and escaped down stairs.

Ah, you delightful imposter, cried out the marquis! of what an infinity of pleasure have you defrauded us all this while?

On the following evening, I unexpectedly met the lady della Scala in a gallery, and, bowing profoundly, I made room for her to pass; when, as she glided by she flit a note into my hand. It contained a very few words.—

words.—“ Meet me to-morrow morning  
 “ at nine, in the serpentine arbour : fail not.

“ A. D. S.”

I spent a restless night, and often reproached myself for yielding to the pressing entreaties of his eminence, when I might when I ought to have torn myself away.

I obeyed the summons, however. I moved, with a slow and reluctant pace, down the private walk. I reached the arbour something before my time ; but the lady was already there.

As I entered, she turned pale, and again became all crimson. I fear said she with a tremulous voice, I fear Mr. Thomason, that you may interpret this appointment to my disadvantage. Not at all, madam, said I. I have that respect, such a confidence in the virtues of the lady della Scala, as will not allow me to suppose she can do any thing unbecoming or degrading to herself.

Ah,



Ab, she blushing replied, I doubt, sir, that you carry your confidence somewhat too high. But, to my purpose. I took the liberty of summoning you, Mr. Thomason, to consult you on a subject the most interesting to my honour, to my happiness, to my life, that can be conceived; and I trusted that a man, who has approved himself so very salutary a friend to the father, might be inclinable to befriend the daughter also.

With pleasure, my dear and most revered lady, with pleasure would I this moment lay down my life for your sake.

Blessed tidings, she cried! But the sacrifice of your life is, perhaps, the last thing in the world that I would wish. Shall I venture to unfold myself? In brief Mr. Thomason, I have conceived an invincible passion for a person who appears to be vastly my inferior in station, though much my superior in all other excellencies. I have combated, I have painfully struggled with my propensity, but all in vain: In short, I am lost without your help: and I

Am an humble petitioner for your influence and oratory with this person, in my favour.

You astonish me highly, madam. Does his eminence know any thing of this unhappy business? No, sir. But was his privy a matter of absolute necessity? Surely, surely my lady; a parent so endearing, whose soul is wrapt in you, who lives but by your looks, had the first right to be consulted in so capital a concern.

Wretched woman! she exclaimed. Is it indeed then, your opinion, that parents have a right to prostitute the bodies and souls of their children, to objects perhaps detestable and abhorrent to their nature?

No, madam, I rejoined; in such a case, their dissent is warrantable, it is incumbent. But all laws, divine and human, ordain and enjoin, that children shall not presume to affiancé their persons, without the concurrence of those whom God and nature have appointed for their guardians and guides. This person  
must



must be some villain, who has practised magic or philtres, or other infernal arts, to seduce you from your duty.

No no, she cried, he is no villain, no seducer—in fine, Mr. Thomason, you yourself are the man.

Me, madam, a menial dependent in the house of your royal father? You astonish, you strike me as with the stroke of death! O, what a falling off in the noblest of her sex! But, shall I, so highly obliged, so bound to his eminence by every sacred tie of honour and gratitude, shall I turn traitor, a monster of perfidy, and join to pervert the darling of my friend and my patron from her duty and allegiance to her father and her prince? Not for worlds upon worlds—no, never, never, never!

I see, said she, turning to a tremendous paleness, I see that I am despised, that I am your aversion, Thomason. Armida della Scala is rejected, is spurned away from you with contempt! But, you shall not triumph, un-

punished, over my weakness! Since you will not be mine, you shall never be another's!

So saying, she rose, grasped a dagger, and exalted her arm. Yes madam, strike! you cannot do me a greater pleasure; and I opened and put forward my bosom to the point. No, she cried, again retracting, live barbarian, live ingrate! if there is any sense of humanity left in thee, live to lament the fate of Armida!

She then turned the steel upon her own bosom; but, uttering a fearful cry, I instantly caught her arm and wrenched the weapon from it, just as the marquis rushed in. I then presented him with the handle. Here, punish a wretch, I said, who has the guilt of seducing your daughter from her duty! But, with an aspect and voice of benignity, he replied, Retire a while, my Thomason, and leave me to some matter of converse with my child!

I then returned heavily to my apartment, and prepared to set out on my wonted travels.



wels. But, feeling a reluctance at the thought of departing abruptly and offensively, I stepped down, and taking some turns across the saloon, sat and awaited the return of his eminence. At length he came; and advancing and opening his arms with an eager regard, Soul of virtue, prince of honour! he cried, as he embraced me; how I admire, how I respect you above all titles and opulence! I heard all, my Thomason; I stood behind the arbour. At a distance, I first spied Armida stealing to it: and next I marked, that you followed on the same private path. Some starting jealousies began to take place. I followed; and was witness to such a scene of nobleness, as, I think, never was exhibited. Yes, my son, I prize you above all potentates upon earth! Armida della Scala the gem of Europe, is yours! And I think that our house shall derive lustre from your alliance.

He ceased; and doubly oppressed as I was with grief and with gratitude, I sunk to his feet. I sighed, I wept, I groaned: I clasped his knees in silence. At length, words found their way, and, in broken and scarce intelli-

gible sentences, I said—You overwhelm me, my lord, you kill me by your graciousness.—I am suffocated by the sense of what I feel toward you.—But, I am not well—I am sick—very sick indeed—Indulge me, for the present, with the liberty of withdrawing. — By the morning, I trust, I shall be enough composed to make your excellency my acknowledgments.

He looked surprised, struck, and deeply affected; but permitted me to retire. I went to my chamber, and threw myself on a couch. A little repast of elegancies was brought me toward evening, which I scarce tasted: I lay down, but without finding repose. About midnight I rose, and, by the light of a taper, wrote, as well as I recollect, to the following purpose.

My



My Lord,

“ Deeply impressed as I am, with the poignant sense of your unmerited regards to your servant, it is death to me to reflect on the necessity of shortly lying under your displeasure. How can I bear the thought, while my heart is fully freighted with love, reverence and duty toward you; of being accounted an ingrate, who trampled on your benefits, and contumaciously rejected those inestimable honours with which you offered to invest me ! I should be miserable through life under such an imagination ; and, in a measure to mitigate the asperity of your censures, I feel myself impelled to disclose the mystery to you.

“ You did not, perhaps, my lord, so deeply descend from the dignity of your station, as you might have imagined, when you proposed to lift your servant into sonship. But, that is not of consequence ; the matter is as follows.

“ In

“ In my childhood, even before I had a  
 “ notion of the distinction of sexes, I loved a  
 “ female infant, to dotage, to desperation.  
 “ This little object of my passion was impressed  
 “ on, and through my heart, indelibly, un-  
 “ eradicably. She was, as it were, begotten  
 “ and born in my very soul; she became a  
 “ part, the whole of it, or so intimately one  
 “ with it, as to put it past the power of death  
 “ or futurity to effect a separation. She also  
 “ answered equally to all my fond ardours;  
 “ and we lived, we breathed, we existed only  
 “ in and for each other.

“ But alas, our barbarous parents first rent  
 “ us asunder; and death, afterward, utterly  
 “ robbed me of myself, in my beloved. I,  
 “ thenceforward disclaimed, I for ever abjured,  
 “ all commerce or communication with kin-  
 “ dred and mankind. I wander, a wretched  
 “ and desolate exile, throughout the earth.  
 “ While I walk in the world, I am neither  
 “ with it, nor of it: I dwell in the beloved  
 “ gloom and dreariness of my own spirit. The  
 “ idea of my departed darling is ever present  
 “ to



“ to me, is alone contemplated by me ; I am  
 “ wedded to it for eternity ; and I court, I  
 “ pursue after death and disconsolation, until  
 “ I shall be enabled once more to rejoin her.

“ Thus unalterably circumstanced, your ex-  
 “ cellency must see, that, could I have imposed  
 “ the wretched property of another on your  
 “ dear, your adorable, your unparalleled child,  
 “ I must have been the deepest of all traitors  
 “ and deceivers. My respects, my veneration,  
 “ a gratitude to paining, a friendship of the  
 “ most inviolable the most endeared tender-  
 “ ness, shall ever be the possession of the lady  
 “ della Scala. And this, my lord, is all that  
 “ is left of your everlastingly obliged and de-  
 “ voted”

“ THOMASON.”

I sealed my address, and left it on the table  
 of my escrutore. The dawn began to open :  
 I moved with the foot of a cat down stairs ; I  
 tapped at, and told the porters of the several  
 gates, that I was going on a matter highly in-  
 teresting to their lord ; and, being permitted  
 to pass, I pushed away with unusual speed.

When

When I deemed myself out of observance, my accustomed and saddening reveries overtook me, and I moved on in a slower and more tragic pace.

I had not proceeded many leagues, when I heard the approaching trampling of feet behind me. I turned, and was struck with the most abhorred phenomenon that ever eye beheld ; it was the appearance of two men who fixed their baleful eyes upon me. Their visages were cross-furrowed with distorted and horror-giving gashes ; a sentimental hell was pictured in the one face, and all the grimness and affrightments of death in the other.

I shuddered inward at the sight, with disgust, as I suppose, rather than apprehension ; for he who desires death, can fear nothing that lives.

They came up, and begirt me on either side. Do you know, said the one, with an air of as much pleasantry as his countenance could assume, can you guess, my young friend, how long you have to live ? I suppose, said I carelessly, that a few minutes may determine the  
lives



lives of all or any of us. I should be actually very dolorous, replied the other, if our lives were to be of no longer a date than yours: you are a brave lad, however. On my soul, it is a pity! do not you think so, brother? but it cannot be avoided. He seems to be an agreeable companion, said the first; we need not be in a hurry, let us have some more chat with him. Can you conjecture, my dear boy, on what errand we are come? I presume, answered I, on one extremely good natured, if I may form a judgment from the benevolence of your aspects.

O ho! exclaimed the other, bursting into a laugh, I perceive you are a droll, the gallantest joker I ever knew in all my days; and I am sorry that we must so quickly put an end to your fun. In short, we were sent in fire haste to dispatch you. And pray, gentlemen, who sent you on this kind commission? O, we never tell tales; but, by your appearance and some other circumstances, we suppose it to be some fair one, to whom you refused the favour.

I presume,

I presume, my friends, that ye received valuable earnest for your undertaking.—Yes yes, we did indeed ; beside a rich promise of two-fold hire, as soon as we shall return with your bloody head.—But, suppose that I should ensure to you twice as much for my safety, as ye will get by my destruction ? No, no, cried the first ruffian, that scheme will not take. Our trade is blood ; we are nurtured to it from our cradles ; any kind of pacific measures would be repugnant to our natures.—Beside, cried the second ruffian, our word, our promise is already engaged ; our honour and reputation is at stake in this business ; and reputation is a thing we always hold sacred. Prepare then ; for you have not another instant to live.

So saying, they drew their poinards, and—Here Mr. Thomason's narrative was suddenly interrupted. Ah ! I exclaimed, put a period, put a period to this passage of your history, I beseech you ! Though I see you quite safe and alive before me, yet my ears contradict the evidence of my eyes, and I am all in a tremor ! —Mr. Thomason then proceeded.

As



As they exalted their weapons, the one after the other, quick as lightning I caught the hand of the first, wrenched the steel from him and plunged it in his body ; then, as it were with one and the same motion, I gave his fellow a back stroke under the lifted arm, and they both fell, grovelling, and grinning, and biting at the ground in death.

They were uncommonly robust and brawney fellows, but they were not aware, an instant was not allowed to put themselves on their defence ; and so they fell as tamely beneath my weak arm, as they would beneath the thunder of the Almighty.

I looked upon them, for awhile, with an eye of commiseration ; but again I reflected, that I might have saved the lives of many by their death ; so I passed forward in peace.

I had not travelled quite out of the sight of the assassins, when I heard the rapid trampling of horses behind me. I turned, and beheld a group of cavaliers on speed. When they came up to the bodies, they stooped, alighted, gazed

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upon them, and turned them over and over. They then remounted and followed me, though not with equal haste. As they approached, I perceived that it was the marquis himself: he threw himself from his foaming steed, and clasped and reclasped me. What, he exclaimed, not butchered, not bleeding? No, my lord, not hurt in the least. A Te Deum for that, a Te Deum in the highest! cried out his eminence.

But, my Thomason, said he with a soothing and beseeching aspect, you must not condemn my repentant daughter unpleaded. 'Tis true she intended your death. But, hear matters in the order in which they passed.

Early this morning, impatient of your answer to my late proposal, I hastened to your apartment. My eye found you not; but I spied the letter you left behind. I broke it open in a tremor. I read it over and over, and shed a variety of passions upon it. I hurried with it to Armida's chamber. I found her up and dressed; she had not been in bed. Your Thomason said I, is flown, I know it, she answered; but  
 imagine



imagine that he has not very far to travel. What do you mean, my child? I will tell you truly, my father.

Yesterday, when you informed me that he had not directly accepted the honours offered to him, I immediately suspected that he intended an elopement. The indignation of slighted beauty, and, above all, the affront given, by such an inferior wretch, to my prince and my parent, exasperated me to madness. I had his motions watched; and, being apprized of his departure, and the way that he took, I sent after him two of the most deadly assassins in all the kingdom of Naples. Ah, I cried, what have you done, what is this that you have done, my daughter? You have shed some of the truest blood that ever flowed in human veins. Peruse that letter.

As she read, her countenance turned frequently from flushings to a deathlike paleness. When she had finished, she wrung her hands and exclaimed, I am undone, I am undone! He is lost, and I am lost! I cannot live, I will not survive it, my father! O, in a hurry, dis-

patch—on my knees I beg it—send, snatch him from death! save, save this wonder of men! O, why is there not some angel of a woman upon earth, to reward such amazing constancy and truth? But haste, haste my father! If he perishes, I will not, I cannot survive him.

You know the rest, my son; I came in person with my messengers. But, your own prowess, and not my presence, has proved your salvation. God struck them, my lord, I said; not in regard to my merits, but to their own offences.

Well, my Thomason, continued his highness, do you still hate my child? is it not in your nature to forgive my Armida? Forgive her, my lord! Next to yourself, of all beings upon earth, she shall ever be the dearest object of my wishes, of my prayers, and my heart-acknowledging meditations. And yet, you will not return with me, my son? I looked an abashed assent to the last part of this short sentence.

Well well, said he, after what I have known perhaps I ought not to desire it.—But, must  
we



we never meet again ? Shall I never behold you more, on this side of eternity ?

I melted into tears ; he also was affected ; and we remained, for a time, in a mutual and mournful silence. At length I said, The warmth, my lord, of a fervid affection is of much greater efficacy and extent than is imagined. I never shall forget, I never shall depart either from you or your daughter. I will visit you from the remotest parts of the earth. My thoughts, my spirit shall fly and communicate with you. Your hearts shall feel, at times, that I am actually present, and we will mutually participate of the blessedness of affection.—But, I only sharpen the points of my own pangs at parting, by this tender delay.—Adieu, O, adieu, my dear patron, my still dearer father !

Stay yet a moment, a moment yet, my son ! —I know that you spurn at wealth, or I would heap a mountain upon you. But, here is a little token, that may happen to remind you of us when you are far away. You must neither refuse it, nor look at it till I have parted. I

took it, I kissed it, dropped a tear upon it, and slipped it into some pocket, but thought no more of the matter till I was setting out for England.

In about three weeks, as I suppose, I arrived at Naples; and there I learned some tidings, that induced me to return to my native country.

Ye have my story, ladies; and if it has, in any measure, contributed to your entertainment, I shall think the less of the mortification that I had throughout, in being constrained to talk so much, as it were, to my own advantage. And yet, I could do no less, in regard to the few friends who were so highly partial and prejudiced in my favour.

I fear, said I, Mr. Thomason, that I am about to confirm the vulgar observation, that curiosity is one of the capital faults in woman: I own a strong desire to know what the token was, which the marquis gave you at parting. It is, madam, the original miniature of the lady della Scala, from which the many copies were



were taken that were dispersed through the nations.

He then took it out, and, unfolding a piece of fatten in which it was wrapped, he presented it to me, all dazzling as it was, and exceeding in lustre the circle of brilliants with which it was begirt. I gazed at it, I fear, not without a large tincture of envy and despite. Ah, Mr. Thomason, I exclaimed, how could you possibly resist such attractions as these? One would think, that the fabled goddesses, who contended on Ida, had contributed their several graces to this single composition: never was any thing so enchanting, never any thing so lovely!

Perhaps, miss, said he smiling, you may change your opinion, as soon as you cast your eye on the reverse. I turned it, and saw a little mirrour, consisting of a metal that must have taken whole years in polishing.

The instant that I saw my own face reflected in it with advantage, I believe I blushed through my whole frame; and, I could not,  
of

of a long time after, meet the eye of Mr. Thomafon.

After a long pause, My precious young friend, faid my father, I am extremely curious to know, at your early feafon of life, by what means you amaffed your vaft fund of knowledge. You do not appear, throughout your length of travels, to have any where applied to worm-eaten libraries, or philosophical instructors, or white headed fages. And yet you feem perfectly verfed, in the material, the political, and moral worlds. And you penetrate and diftinguifh the feveral departments in nature, with fuch clarity and precision, as tho' it were a book opened only to yourfelf, and feen with optics debarred from the reft of mankind.

If, fir, faid Mr. Thomafon, with an humbled caft of countenance, if you have actually obferved any matter uncommon in my pittance of knowledge, I will endeavour to account for it in the beft manner I can.

You may remember it an opinion of the  
feers



feers of antiquity, that, when the spirit of man approached toward death, and stood as it were on a ridge or limit between the two worlds, it saw with perspicuity into the natures of both. It began to enter and take possession of the regions unknown ; and at once had a retrospect into matters already past, and a prospect into futurity and events to come.

Be pleased to recollect, as I formerly mentioned, that, while I walked in the world, I was neither with it nor of it. I was wholly a disinterested and dispassionate spectator of all its concerns ; and, as nothing in me was alive to it, save the animal man, I became rather an inhabitant of the upper than the lower regions.

Though my ideas, as I fear, were too intensely attached to the object of my infant passion, yet they did not always contemplate her, as in the grave, or as living with me once upon earth. I beheld her, at times, in rapturous vision, adorning the circles of her associate angels. My spirit, as I deemed, in the  
ardency

ardency of desire, mounted up to her heaven. She anticipated my approach, she embraced me from a vast distance; and I dwelled, as I thought, a whole day within her clasp.

In my dreams, again, I imagined that she put a harp into my hand, and taught me how to touch it after the manner of the celestials. I attempted with trembling; but was transported at my own music, when I found that every note was a sentiment of love, a touch an imparting of divine information.

At an other time, I dreamed, that she would have introduced me to the several orders and hierarchies of the heavenly hosts. I did not dare to approach: I beheld, at a respectful distance, their dances and evolutions, their sports, jubilatings and embracements, and the triumph of their exultations that made all heaven to ring. I was tempted to participate: they admitted me with a graciousness, that abased me below conception. But their bliss was too intense; I could not bear the communication; and I sunk down



to my pristine value of mortality and lamentation.

While I was on the road to Naples, in the visions of the night my angel appeared to me. She told me, with an extatic look, that she was appointed, among others, on that day, to sing an anthem before the footstool of the throne of THE NAMELESS. Yonder it is, said she, ten thousand leagues off! I will contrive, by some means, to get you a glimpse of the glory: but look not yet a while, lest you perish in the brightness. I thought I threw myself prostrate, in a delightful kind of terror; and there remained an entire year in the blissful act of adoration.

On the following day, my father beckoned Mr. Thomson apart. My friend, said he, I am deeply interested in a question I am about to put to you; and I doubt not of your answering me with sincerity and candour.

Notwithstanding your flame for the infant object of your first affections, which you mentioned in your story as inextinguishable; I  
have.

have been the most mistaken of any man breathing, if I have not discerned in you a growing regard for my JULIET.—May I dare to confess, sir, that you have not been mistaken? I think not, returned my father: the softened fire of your eye, and softened accent of your voice, when you look at, or address her; the changings of your colour at times, and your seemingly involuntary tremors, when you are near her or happen to touch her; would almost persuade me that you love my child, with an ardour nearly equal to that of your first passion.

Yes, sir, exclaimed Thomason, I do, I must acknowledge it. I love your JULIET with such an intenseness, as no man ever loved. I love her, with a vast accession to my puerile ardours: and yet, I do not seem to myself to have changed the object of my affections, but only to have continued and increased their fervours.

But, of what avail, sir, is my passion? We daily see yonder heaven, with all its luminaries



minaries and glories: we may also wish to reach at it: but who can scale the steep?

Mr. Thomason, replied my father, I have conceived a very singular and paternal affection for you: so, indeed, has my wife. It is the first of our wishes, that you should never be parted from us. And I have discovered, that my daughter also holds you near to her heart, under the rose of her blushes. My fortune is considerable; I will immediately settle the larger portion of it upon you; and when I see you united, my most dear and precious children, I shall hail myself as the happiest of all fathers.

Thomason instantly precipitated himself at his knees. He seized the hands of my father: his lips travelled, in speechless rapture, from the one to the other; he wet them with his tears. At length he exclaimed, My whole life, sir, shall be to you one oblation of thanksgiving! But let me not defer my blessedness an unnecessary moment. A little matter of indispensable avocation calls me away; but I will return to you, on swifter wings than those of the wind.

A few days, a week at farthest, shall throw at your feet the happiest of God's creatures !

So saying, off he shot, without waiting a reply ; even as he had formerly served the generous duke of Lima, and his still more generous and friendly patron the marquis della Scala.

The week, madam, is elapsed ; yet, no Thomason appears : his wings of wind droop their pinions ! Ah, my dearest lady, tell me, what shall I think of this most wonderful, most unaccountably, most capricious of creatures ?

At that instant a servant man entered in some agitation, and told Miss GRENVILLE, that her father requested her company directly. Is any thing the matter, Jeffery ? Not much, madam, I trust ; but my master has had a duel, and has got something wounded, but we hope it wont signify.

Miss GRENVILLE turned pale, made an alarmed curtsy to the countess and hurried home.

The



The affair was this. Mr. GRENVILLE had some matters to transact with Mr. Mitchel a merchant and banker; and they appointed a meeting at a coffee house in Soho. Mr. Mitchel took one Mr. Pinkiman with him; and Mr. GRENVILLE took Mr. Goodman, an intimate of lord CRANFIELD's and who had formerly been a friend of his own also.

When the company met, they adjourned to an upper room. Each of the principals produced their papers and accounts; and all was amicably settled without any altercation, and with little delay.

A flask was then called for; and, as the glass passed round, Mr. Pinkiman, said Mitchel, have you lately heard from your brother in the East Indies? I have, Sir, about a fortnight ago. He writes me here that he transmits me a casket of diamonds, consigned to the care of a certain nobleman who had strongly recommended him for his office under the company; but, a curse upon these noblemen, with their privileges and scandalum magna-

tums, neither honor nor law can lay any hold upon them. I have called, and called, and called, but he does not chuse to be at home; and so he keeps the diamonds, as the price of his recommendation. And pray, who is this honest peer, demanded one and all? he deserves that his name should be rendered infamous. Why, Mr. GRENVILLE, he is no mighty favourite of yours; in short, it is your particular enemy, the Earl of CRANFIELD.

You are the falsest of liars and villains, cried GRENVILLE! and, rising at the same time, gave him a slap on the left cheek with the palm of his hand. As the other rose with precipitation and clapt his hand to his sword, Mr. Mitchel laid hold upon him, but he broke away with violence. No, gentlemen, cried Pinkiman, the lie and a blow together cannot be put up with. Both of them to your heart!

They then engaged with passion. After some ineffectual passes, Mr. Pinkiman made a desperate thrust at his adversary, which Mr. GRENVILLE parried from his bosom by receiving



ceiving it through his left hand, while at the same time he ran his antagonist through the body.

The next surgeon was instantly sent for, and, while Mr. Pinkiman's wound was probing and dressing, Mr. GRENVILLE looked with silent concern upon him. His own wound now began to grow acutely painful, when, wrapping up his bloody hand in a handkerchief, he hastened to his carriage, and, attended by Mr. Goodman, drove directly home.

A surgeon and physician were immediately sent for; Mr. GRENVILLE's hand was dressed, and he was ordered to bed, by advice of the doctor who apprehended a fever.

Mr. Goodman took a hack, and hurried away to the Earl of CRANFIELD'S. As he alighted, he saw a stranger at the door with somewhat under his arm. Pray, said he, have you any commands at this house? I have, sir. I have been twice to wait on the earl, but had not the honour to meet him. I am purser to the Nottingham Indiaman, and have a small

consignment to his lordship ; here it is. My lord I believe, at present, said Mr. Goodman, is at one of his country seats ; but the countess is within : if you please, I will introduce you to her. No sir, that may not be necessary ; only deliver this into her ladyship's hands, and remember that some little matter of compliment for care and carriage is generally due upon these occasions.—I will pay your demand this instant.—No sir, it does not need ; I will wait till his lordship has perused the contents, which, little as they are, may be very valuable.

Mr. Goodman staid to dinner with lady CRANFIELD. He gave her a minute account of the recent affair and bloody encounter ; and the countess dropt some tears on the danger of her former friend, and the father of her JULIET.

While they were at coffee, the earl alighted at the gate. He had been, for the past fortnight, endeavouring to amuse melancholy by laying out a plantation on part of his estates. After embracing and addressing his  
 consort,



confort, in a manner that expressed his sense of being unworthy of her, he turned and cordially welcomed his favourite Mr. Goodman. And what is this, continued the earl, putting his hand on the little box? It is, my lord, said Goodman, a rich casket of diamonds. But, I fearfully apprehend, that tenfold its value will not be able to compensate for half the mischief it has done.

You surprise me, sir; what is the matter, I pray you? Why, my lord, some company of us met this morning at the Cocoa in Soho. Among the rest, there was a gentleman who complained, that, some time since, he had received a letter from his brother in the East Indies, intimating that he had sent him a present of a casket of diamonds entrusted to the care of a certain nobleman: that he had been repeatedly and repeatedly at the house of the said nobleman, to claim and recover his property; but that he had himself always denied, and kept the diamonds in lieu of some little matter of favour which he had formerly done his brother. He then inveighed bitterly against  
our

our nobles, with their privileges and scandalum magnatum, and observed that neither law nor honour could take any hold upon them. We were all curious to know, who this unworthy peer could be; when, at last, he had the boldness to declare publicly, that it was the earl of CRANFIELD.

Me! exclaimed the earl. Be not uneasy, my lord; you were not without a champion. Quicker than tinder, quick as lightning, one of the company grew all enkindled, told him he was the basest, the falsest of all liars and scoundrels, and at the same time gave him a stroke across the face.

Tell me, Goodman, tell me instantly, before you proceed, who was this dear friend? I was not the man. Can you not guess, my lord? No, not for the soul of me. Had you never a friend in all your life, my lord? O, yes; I once had, I once had a friend indeed—but, he cannot be the person. O, no—it would kill me, it would cut me to the heart; I would not for the world that it should be my GRENVILLE.

And,



And, who else could it be? He, indeed, was the man. Here the earl started up, rushed to a closet, locked himself in, and did not return for above an hour.

At length, my lord came and sat down as before, without venturing to lift either of his swelled eyes to the company. O, tell me, Mr. Goodman, said the earl, with a doleful voice, is my GRENVILLE alive, is he well, is he unhurt?

Immediately on the stroke, my lord, a desperate and bloody engagement ensued. Having fought, for some time, with little advantage on either part, Mr. GRENVILLE received a thrust quite through his left hand, while at the same time he ran your slanderer through the body. I saw him home, and laid in bed by order of his physician, who apprehends a high fever.

Do then, my dear Goodman, be my proxy upon this occasion I beseech you; I have not the countenance, I have not the courage to appear with my shameful face before him. Do,

go,

go, my dear Goodman, cast yourself, in my name, at his feet; entreat his forgiveness; and do not return till you have obtained a full remission for me.

You must go yourself, my lord, indeed you must—but not to day; the sight of one so dear to him might agitate him too much in his present state. But then, for his sake, I advise you, not to be over condescending; the demeaning yourself I know would put him to exquisite pain.

Lady CRANFIELD, that evening, wrote a tender note to her JULIET, to enquire how Mr. GRENVILLE was; and to request permission, in lord CRANFIELD's name, to render him in person his grateful acknowledgments, as soon as he should be well enough to admit a visit.

On the fourth day of Mr. GRENVILLE's illness, he was pronounced out of danger, and lord CRANFIELD entered the house without suffering himself to be announced. He got into the chamber with a cautious and tremulous



ious emotion. Mr. GRENVILLE was quite alone, and his face happened at the time to be turned something from his lordship. The earl advanced slow and silent ; and throwing himself on the bed, along side of his friend, he grasped his right hand, kissed his forehead, and broke into tears. They both wept, and wept, and sobbed, without uttering a word ; but lord CRANFIELD exceeded.

At length a door opened, and the earl rose at the noise. It was miss GRENVILLE. She had been to prepare part of the regimen for her father, who thought he grew better and better for every thing that he took from her hand. She entered on the eyes of his lordship, as a new species of morning arisen on mid day. He gazed upon her in still astonishment, as an astronomer, with his telescope, would fix upon a recent phenomenon just opened in the heavens. He had not seen her from the day of his son's departure. She knew him not : she passed him with a gracious salute ; and, by the tender delicacy with which she addressed and administered to her father, she gave a fresh energy, a new flash to every charm.

Is

Is this your daughter, my dearest GRENVILLE? She is, my lord, bating my regards for her mother, my idol, my sum of blessedness, all that I prize upon earth! The earl then seized her hand, and kissing and re-kissing it with repeated and encreasing ardour, he burst afresh into tears.

The earl of CRANFIELD, my dear! said Mr. GRENVILLE to his JULIET; whereupon she made him a curtsy of the lowest obeisance, but did not turn to him the eye of internal affection; she remembered her father, and former lover, in her respects to his lordship.

When he was something composed, O, blessed in the highest, blessed GRENVILLE! he exclaimed; accursed CRANFIELD! But I am pleased—it ought to be so. You have here a treasure past account; while I, wretch that I am, have not the value of the mite that the widow cast into the treasury. I do not envy you, my GRENVILLE. Your happiness is now the only happiness that your CRANFIELD can ever relish beneath the moon. But, I am sensible to your unimpaired your ever during  
love



love and friendship; can you not then impart a portion of your bliss to your unhappy CRANFIELD? can you not entitle me to a kind of portion in this most consummate of creatures? She is your daughter; may she not be my daughter also? I will settle upon her the whole of what I am worth in the world; and she shall be as dear to me, as though I had been the very mother that groaned for her.

Miss GRENVILLE could no longer oppose the rising sentiments of her soul; she sunk at his lordship's feet, and, taking both his hands, she bathed them with the tears of grateful sensibility.

O thou, exclaimed the earl, O thou who art upon earth of the fairest and highest order of angels in heaven! was it you whom I rejected, was it you from whose alliance I turned my soul away? O, passion, passion, passion! blind perverse and devilish passion, what a self destroyer thou art, what a stinging serpent to the bosom that takes thee to its fostering! O, my son, my son, my son! I am

worse than thy murderer—of what a heaven have I deprived thee !

The two friends now became once more inseparable. They had been sundered against their wills ; they were with-held, as it were by constraint, from each other ; the restraining cords were now loosed, and they rushed together with two-fold avidity. O, how intense their looks of rekindled affection ! they conversed not so much by terms, as by the regards of the eye that spoke things unutterable ; it was the language of heaven, it was the language of love !

The two ladies also were now allowed to indulge themselves in the renewal, or rather in the continuance of their endearments. Their hearts never had been sundered ; though cruel custom obliged them to seem to partake in the resentment of their lords.

On opening the India casket, the earl found an invoice of all the particulars, together with a little ivory box that contained five of the  
large



large diamonds, and a note that gratefully besought his acceptance of them.

He then sent for his friend Goodman. Mr. Goodman, said he, have you heard any thing lately of that, what do you call him? of that fellow Pinkiman? He is still alive, my lord, though very ill in his bed; but, of the two, it is thought that he is rather on the recovery.

Here, my friend, be so good as to take this casket to the fellow. Shew him the invoice, together with this box and the contents that were presented to myself. Throw them all to him; and tell him, that I cannot condescend to accept of any compliment, from the kinsman of one who has treated me so unworthily.

It is, cried Goodman, it is the most glorious revenge that your lordship can take. How the wretch must be mortified! I will execute your commission punctually, and severely.

Mr. GRENVILLE was now up, and nearly well enough to go abroad; and miss GRENVILLE was again at liberty to revisit her pre-

cious friend, her dear countess of CRANFIELD. She sat in a side window, and was entertaining her patroness by reading to her a recent novel, entitled "Pamela, or virtue rewarded;" which already had made some noise in the world.

As soon as she had finished, Well, my dear, said the COUNTESS, pray let me have your opinion of this book with your usual frankness.

I think, madam, that the author has much of nature in him; and touches the passions, at times, with a tender and happy effect: but then, I blush at the manner in which he undresses our sex. Indeed his ideas are much too frequently and unnecessarily wanton. Neither can I wholly approve the title of the book: can virtue be rewarded, by being united to vice? Her master was a ravisher, a tyrant, a dissolute, a barbarian in manners and principle. I admit it, the author may say; but then he was superior in riches and station. Indeed, Mr. Richardson never fails in due respect to such matters; he always gives the full value to title and fortune.

Just



Just then a servant ran up and exclaimed, O my lady, there is the heavenliest young creature of a man below, that ever I did or ever shall set eyes on ! He says he is your ladyship's son, and desires permission to throw himself at your feet. Some impostor, cried the countess ! However, let us see him ; shew him up directly.

He entered as an angel of salutation, excepting only the wings. As he advanced, he bowed profound obeysance. He was dressed in a silken frock carelessly hung over a close vest of brocade, that set out a shape surpassing that of the celebrated Antinous ; while his locks of jetty black, bound behind in a knot of amethysts, strayed wantonly on his cheeks, and mixed their colour with carnation.

The countess was struck speechless : she gazed upon him, during an interval not over hospitable, in mute amazement. At length she found utterance. I am told, sir, said she, that you do us the honour of claiming kindred with us. In truth I think that your appearance would grace the highest blood upon earth. But, continued she with a filling tear,

Q 3

I have

I have examined your fine features, yet cannot discern in them any resemblance to those of my child. O, how blessed I should think myself, could you persuade me that you are mine. Can you recollect no token, no domestic or endearing circumstance, whereby I may recognize you, if you are really lord BEAUCHAMP; if you are son to the earl of CRANFIELD?

Do you not remember, madam, replied he with a voice of music, how we both swooned at parting; and that I was driven away, on account of my passion for a celestial young creature, then called JULIET GRENVILLE.

O, exclaimed the countess, rising and springing forward, you are, you are my babe—the most glorious offspring that ever was produced by woman, since the morning in Bethlehem!

She then caught and clung about him, and again looking at him, she crushed him to her bosom. Again, putting him from her, she gazed at him and cried, Is it possible, can this be possible? what brought you again to life?  
where,



where, where have you been, my son ; what have you been doing these many, many years ?

She then bethought herself of her fair friend, who still sat, all pale, and half gasping in the side window. She stepped over to her and said, What is the matter, my love ? Will you not permit me to introduce you to my BEAUCHAMP, to my Tommy, to my new begotten child ? But, miss GRENVILLE replied not—and only pantingly whispered, Ah madam, it is, it is Thomason ; it is Mr. Thomason himself !

Yes, my JULIET, cried lord BEAUCHAMP, casting himself at her feet, and pressing those feet into his bosom, yes, my JULIET, myself, my soul, my dearer than both—I am indeed, at once, both your Tommy and your Thomason, never more to change shapes, never more to be severed from you.

Miss GRENVILLE, for some minutes, looked at him, from him, and to him, panting, changing, and still silent : at length, said she, with a look and accent of ineffable sweetness,  
O then,

O then, if you are indeed both my Tommy and my Thomason, my heart shall no longer accuse itself of fickleness and infidelity : it first began to love my Thomason, when he shed his kindly tears over the fate of my Tommy.

O my angel, cried lord BEAUCHAMP, I cannot account for it, but I actually found that I was often jealous of myself. As your Tommy, I regretted the regards you paid to Thomason : and again, when you recollected, with a sigh or brimming tear, any incident that had passed in your infant commerce with your Tommy, your Thomason began to despair of ever being able to lay hold on your affections.

O, she cried, with an arch smile, never, never, if I can help it, will I forgive the trick you played me. Was it fair, was it honest in you, to take such an advantage over my ignorance and my weakness ? You knew all concerning the silly wench, while you kept yourself involved in impenetrable darkness. What a vain wretch you were, too, in enterprising to subdue such a beauty as I am, and to seduce  
her



her from the faith of her first affections, with hooped limbs, a swarthy front, beetle brows, and rising shoulders? And yet, now I think on it, if I have any authority over you, you must restore me to all and every of those forefaid defects and deformities. While you were such a Mr. Thomason, I might hope that, at times, you would cast a favouring look upon such a thing as I am; but, the brilliant lord BEAUCHAMP will now be instructed by every mirror he meets, that he ought not to love or admire any thing beside himself.

I protest, JULIET, cried lady CRANFIELD, you have got into the talking vein, and will not allow a poor old mother to come in for a word. But tell me, can this gay young gentleman here be the sage whom you so celebrated for his depths and sublimities in science? The very same, indeed, madam: but I propose very shortly to cure him of that malady. It is time for him now to turn to the book of folly; for the future I will not allow him to study any thing beside myself.

Now

Now tell me, my specious friend—for, while my regency remains, I will exert it to the utmost—give me an account of your motions: what became of you from the time of your traitorous elopement, when, like another false Theseus, you left your lorn Ariadne to the desolation of her fate?

LORD BEAUCHAMP then gave her a look of inexpressible rapture, and pressed her hand to a heart that was agitated with delight. O, he cried, may your regency be established for ever! On this fair sceptre I seal my vows of everlasting submission. I would not exchange my conformity to the pleasure of my JULIET, for the brightest throne that ever received an eastern monarch; an exemption from her dominion is what I could not bear. The fact was this, my love.

When your dear father unexpectedly anticipated my wishes, and so graciously offered you to my unmeriting arms, it instantly occurred to me, that I should cloud and degrade the graces of my JULIET, if I assented to our  
union



union while the old subject of animosity subsisted between our parents.

To remove this capital obstacle to domestic peace and happiness, was my intense desire, I recollected, as well as I could, all the persons who, formerly, had any intimacy with my father. Mr. GRENVILLE, I was sensible, was of a pacific and benovelent temper, and thirsted, nay languished after a reconciliation; but I feared for the high asperity of my own father's disposition; and I panted to engage all, who had any influence, in the blessed work of promoting conciliation and amity between the two families.

I first flew to enquire after my quondam friend and tutor, sir John Elliott; but, alas, he was more? I then took post and traversed most part of England, in search of one Mr. Dunkan and one Mr. Selden, whom I was eager to engage in the interests of my heart. When failing of my purpose, I returned to my dear Mr. GRENVILLE, in my riding disembellishments, in order to impart to him my distress and disappointments. At the door, I  
was

was astonished at the sight of the earl's equipage ; and, on enquiry, understood that my father was within with his ancient friend Mr. GRENVILLE, locked together in the strictest bands of endeared affection.

I started back with transport ; my ends were all accomplished ; and I flew to put myself, for once, into a plight fit to present myself before the only two persons on earth, who were the perpetual objects of the meltings of my soul, of my affections, my burning love, I might almost say of my idolatry.

And so my lord, cried JULIET, you have here given us a large detail of all the fatigues and toils, the oppositions, dangers, and difficulties, that my knight has encountered for the sake of his princess ; and I am questionless to expect to be brought to a strict account one of these days, and to be obliged to disburse, in full, all debts and exactions.

No, my heaven, he replied, once more seizing her hand and repeatedly kissing it, this—and this—and this, repays and overpays me  
for



for all that I have suffered during a whole life of languor, a life of dying for your sake.

JULIET, then, became affected by a rising emotion. She took his hand, in her turn, and dropped upon it the tear of tender sensibility. Ah, said he, 'tis the first time I ever kissed my own hand, but this precious pearl must not be cast away.

Here, they both became alarmed at a fit of tears into which the Countess had suddenly fallen; they instantly started up, and getting on each side, enquired, in a solicitous and pain-feeling kind of consoling, what the matter might be? Ah, my children, she exclaimed, the singular species of your happiness is too oppressing for me. My babes, my blessed babes, in what a paradise ye have placed me!

But, listen to me, my Tommy, listen once again to the precepts and advice of your mother. Behold the delight of my life, behold my JULIET here! You see, and you hear, what a fascinating creature she is. O, may you ever hear and behold her in the same light!

Know that she is rather dearer and more intimate to my spirit, than you, my son, who are a part and portion of myself. Take her not to your arms, my child, but into your very soul. I am the sponsor for her; you cannot affect or respect her up to her virtues; and her happiness will be redoubled twenty-fold upon yourself.

Here JULIET gently sunk to the knees of her precious patroness, and, laying her cheek thereon, looked up to her a speech of such acknowledging eloquence, as all the terms contained within the compass of the alphabet were insufficient to express.

A servant here brought word that his lord was below, and desired the pleasure of drinking a dish of coffee with his lady.

Come, my children, said the Countess, let us put a little innocent deception upon his lordship. I will introduce his son to him as a young stranger, who is desirous of paying his addresses to the fair daughter of his friend.

The



The Earl came in, and they all rose. The Countess then took her son by the hand—Permit me, my love, said she, to bring you acquainted with Mr. Thomason, a person, perhaps, of all the world, the most deserving of your regard. They both bowed with distant respect. The Countess continued; young as you behold him, my lord, he has been an immense traveller. All parts of Europe are known to him; he is but lately returned to England. He is a young gentleman of a very affluent fortune, and I understand from him that he is become ambitious of paying his devoirs to the loveliest of all lovelies, to our favourite JULIET here.

That is, replied the Earl, gallantly, because he could find nothing like her in all the world beside. Lord BEAUCHAMP smiled and bowed assentingly; his father returned the salute; and taking him by the hand, with a look of intense admiration, Sir, said he, your acquaintance will confer a greater pleasure upon me, than a man of my accustomed plainness can express.

R 2

They

They then sat down to coffee, and the conversation soon became free, easily polite, and sentimentally delightful.

Mr. Thomason, said the Earl, though, like others of my birth, I formerly made the grand tour as they call it, yet it was at so heedless and unobserving an age, that I passed through the nations, even as a ship passes on the surface of the ocean, without gathering any thing by the way, or leaving any trace behind. Pray, have you observed any extraordinary distinction between the customs and manners of the several countries in Europe ?

The peculiarity of customs and manners, my lord, is nearly confined to the circle of the nobility and gentry in all nations ; and is founded in the pride they take in distinguishing themselves, as well from the inferior species of mortals, as from the neighbouring countries with whom they may communicate. But the peasantry or plebeians of all countries, save those who are distinguished by freedom or trade, have little peculiarity of manners among  
them ;



them; they simply follow the bent of nature, are benevolent, kind hearted, humane and hospitable to strangers, and carry their regards for kindred and affinity to a warm and wide extent.

On the contrary, the plebeians of England and Holland are ignorantly proud, and insolently inurbane. Even brothers toward brothers are cold and selfish-hearted; and they are cursed with the crime, so highly censured by the great apostle, of wanting natural affection.

That species of our plebeians called servants, said the Earl, is become, as I think, one of the most capital nuisances in all Britain. Whom they will they let in to us, and whom they will they shut out from us. They make ordinaries and inns of all our houses, places merely of traffic for their own emolument. They discountenance, neglect, and banish from our tables, all persons from whom the fee is not in ready expectance; and they cut off all commerce between man and man, and between friend and friend, save where they themselves

are admitted to be the conduits of communication.

I pay my servants double wages, under this stipulated condition that they shall not accept a single fixpence from any guest who comes to my house ; and yet I am constrained, in person, to be the guarantee of the very orders to which the villains have assented, and to wait upon my company to the outermost gate. Neither does this wholly avail : a few days ago I spied one of my scoundrels closing his hand on a piece of money that was passingly flit into it by one of my guests ; and I instantly kicked the delinquent out of my service : but alas, where shall I get others who have learned the knack of refusing money ?

Your lordship's observation, said Mr. Thomason, reminds me of a very uncommon and droll incident that happened when I was at the marquis della Scala's in Italy.

He had invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided.

Some



Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their very early respects to his excellency, when the major domo, all in a hurry, came into the dining room.

My lord, said he, here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fish I believe in all Italy; but then he demands such a price for it! Regard not his price, cried the marquis, pay it him down, directly. So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take money. Why, what would the fellow have? A hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate of a single blow.

Here, we all ran down, to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman. A fine fish, a most exquisite fine fish, cried the marquis! What is your demand, my friend? you shall be paid on the instant. Not a quatrini, my lord; I will not take money. If you would have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back; if not, I shall go and apply elsewhere.

Rather

Rather than lose our fish, said his highness, let the fellow have his humour. Here! he cried to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demand; but don't lay on overhard, don't hurt the poor devil very much.

The fishmonger then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord's orders in execution. Now, my friend, cried the fishmonger, keep good account I beseech you, for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due.

We all stood suspended in amaze, while this operation was carrying on. At length, on the instant that the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, Hold! cried the fisherman, I have already received my full share of the price. Your share? questioned the marquis, what can you mean by that?

Why, my lord, you must know I have a partner in this business. My honour is engaged to let him have the half of whatever I should get; and I fancy that your highness will acknowledge, by and by, that it would be



be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke. And pray, my friend, who is this same partner of yours? It is the porter, my lord who guards the out-gate of your highness' palace. He refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him the half of what I should get for my fish.

O ho!—exclaimed the marquis, breaking out into a laugh, by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled to him in full tale.

Here the porter was sent for and stripped to the skin, when two grooms laid upon him with might and main, till they rendered him fit to be fainted for a second Bartholomew.

The marquis then ordered his major domo to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompence of the friendly office he had rendered him.

They had all laughed profusely during Mr. Thomason's narration. I protest, said the Earl,

Earl, I never heard so apt or facetious a story. You shew, sir, in all you say, that you have travelled to purpose.

Will you, my lord, said the Countess, will you be so good as to give me your interest with your dear Mr. GRENVILLE, in favour of my young friend here ?

I will, with all my soul replied the Earl ; and also with my fair favourite here, as far as my influence reaches ; because, I think, in all the earth, she will never find a person so nearly mated to her own merits.

Mr. Thomason took the Earl's hand and kissed it with a grateful and affectionate respect. I vow, continued his lordship, I cannot conceive that our first parents in Paradise ever made a lovelier pair. I will, with their permission, send for the principal artist in Italy, and have them painted as the representatives of Adam and Eve ; “ Adam,

“ The goodliest man of men since born his sons,  
 “ The fairest of her daughters Eve !”

I have



I have but one small objection to your scheme, said the Countess. You know that the originals were naked, though not ashamed; and I doubt that my Venus de Medicis here may take some little exception at her being undressed for the purpose; and, in that case, my lord, I can answer for it, that you would lose the principal beauty of your whole picture.

The earl laughed, JULIET blushed, and Thomason looked transported.

But, my love, said the Earl, I protest I had quite forgot to tell you I left Mr. GRENVILLE, a few minutes after dinner; and, as the day was so fine, I sent the carriage home before me, and undertook to walk it attended by two footmen. As I was on my way, a man stood at a corner, in a very disconsolate posture, whose face instantly struck me. Having earnestly eyed him, I at length recollected that he had been one of our domestics, and that I had sent him abroad as the principal attendant to wait upon our son. I instantly flew at him, and, catching him by the throat,

Viliain,

Villain, said I, give me an account what you have done with my child. The fellow, all in a wan pannie, fell at my feet. Have mercy, my lord, he cried, have mercy I beseech you! Indeed, your servants were guiltless! Our young lord eloped from us, by night, at Dunkirk; and though we were in search after him for a whole year, we neither could find him, or hear any tidings concerning him.

Dismal as this news was, I had the fellow seized and brought along, and he is now a prisoner below. But I believe we can make nothing of him for our purpose, and so I think I may as well let the poor wretch go about his business.

In truth, said Mr. Thomason, the man was perfectly faithful, and I can answer for his innocence.

You answer, sir; you answer! cried the Earl, in a hasty amaze. Yes, my lord, said young BEAUCHAMP, and sunk to the feet of the Earl, I eloped from them, at the time and  
in



in the manner that he told you—My Father, behold your son!

You my son—you my son?—startingly questioned the Earl—Saviour of sinners!—this is too much, by much too much!—and down he sunk in a deep and death-like swoon.

They all flew several ways for fair-water, salts, spirits, and essences, all which they applied, but to no manner of effect.

They then sent for a surgeon, who opened a vein; but he bled with slow difficulty, only drop by drop. At length the blood came freely, and, heaving a deep groan, he began to move. By degrees he came to himself, opened his eyes, and sat up. For a while he looked insensible, but recovered more and more; when, turning to his lady, What made you waken me, said he? O, I had the sweetest dream! I dreamed, my love, that your Tom your dear child was returned, and that he stood just there as an angel of light before me.—But no—no such blessing is reserved

for me upon earth. What heaven may have in store for a poor penitent, I know not.

LORD BEAUCHAMP sunk again on his knees before the Earl. I am here my lord, he cried, here to abide at your feet for ever ; never more to part, never more to forsake you, my father ! The Earl fixed his eyes with silent intenseness on his son, while his son shed the stream of tender emotion before him.

But, is not this, cried the Earl in a kind of flightiness, is not this exceeding wonderful ? Will it be believed, that I—what am I ?—so unexpected, so unmeriting—who had earned a curse, rather than the least of all these mercies !—These are matters in philosophy that I cannot account for.—But, we must abide God's pleasure ; whether it be to overwhelm us with good, or to overwhelm us with evil.

Peace to your spirit, my noblest father ! cried the son ; I trust that God has greater blessings than these in store for you.

But,



But, are you come with forgiveness to me, with healing on your wings, my angel? Come, sit you down beside me awhile, and tell me of all your disasters; of all the sufferings and miseries to which you were exposed. Was not I the man, the barbarian I say, who banished his only child, his only joy, from his presence; and sent him forth to wander thro' a bleak inhospitable world, unbefriended, unsustained, and subjected to all the calamities of a life of want and wretchedness? Do, inform me of all that I have caused you to suffer; and finish the cleaving of a heart, already more than half broken by your absence, my son!

Cease, cease, exclaimed the youth, O cease, my dearest father! If you wish me to live, forbear these self reproaches; they cut me to the soul. All is well, all is happy, as blessed as we can bear. But, will you allow me, my lord, to have your prisoner called up? This he artfully said, to divert his father's mind from that contrast of passions with which it had been distracted.

As he spoke he rang the bell, and ordered the prisoner to his presence. He entered with trembling limbs and an aspect of alarm. Don't fear, my friend, said BEAUCHAMP! draw a little nearer; if you are the man I mean, there are some here who have a great regard for you, I promise you. He made an unassured bow, but was silent.

If I forget not, your name is Jefferson. It is, sir. Did you not accompany your young lord, when he set out on his travels?—As far as French Flanders sir; it was at Dunkirk that he forsook us.—I was intimately acquainted with your young master in Italy—Why sir, is he alive?—He was then alive and well.—The creature then dropt on his knees, and raising his hands and eyes in a perpendicular eagerness, God be praised, God be praised! he cried.

I was then, Jefferson, about to return to England; and your master, in case I should meet you, recommended you to me in a very particular manner. He told me, that, when he was in such a deplorable state, that he took



no manner of note of any thing or any person, nor even deigned to require or call for what he wanted, you used to compel him; against his will, to regard you. That you were studiously attentive to all the occasions and desires which he refused to express. That your face represented to him the mournful state he was in, by the conformity of your own grief. That you used to watch over him while he slept. That, when he awoke, he used to find you in tears. And that he was confident he was indebted for his life to your care; at the time that he lay ill of a delirious fever in Dunkirk. Ah, my heavens! exclaimed the man, how could you know all this?—Perhaps you may—nay you are, you must be, yourself, my own dear, dear master! I am, indeed, your BEAUCHAMP; your friend and servant ever, my faithful my loving Jefferson!:

My master and my lord! my master and my lord! cried out the grateful creature, and dashed himself on the boards before him. He laid hold on both his feet, and would have set them by force on his head and on his neck: but his young friend compelled him to rise,

and took him to his arms with a grateful embrace.

My lady then, kindly observing the agitation the poor fellow was in, and that his colour came and went in quick succession, ordered the butler to take him down, to give him a cordial, and to have him bled directly.

My dear, said she to the Earl, you give us to understand that you have already dined; but I question if our traveller here has tasted any thing to day. As for my JULIET and I, we are at the best but very poor feeders; so I have ordered some knick knacks to be provided that may entice us to take a bit; and if your Thomason will come in for shares, he is heartily welcome.

Some little matters of nicety were then served on porcelane plates; and, as soon as the collation was over, the Earl thus addressed his son.

You have given me so agreeable an impression of that princely nobleman the marquis de-  
la



la Scala, that I should be pleased farther to hear what you remember concerning him during your abode at his palace.

LORD BEAUCHAMP then gave his father exceeding delight, by a minute narrative, respecting the marquis, of the particulars already recited.

As soon as he had ended, Ah Tom, exclaimed the Earl, how I shuddered at the passage of the assassins! it was a fearful business indeed. I still think that I behold their daggers at your breast!—But, can't you indulge me with a sight of the portrait of that capital beauty, the princess Armida?

Not at present indeed, my lord; I left it locked up in my new room: neither have I looked at it, since I shewed it to miss JULIET.

Do not believe him, my lord, cried JULIET; he artfully declined committing it to my custody, lest I should serve it as Cleopatra served the portrait of the beauteous bride of the  
blood-

Blood-thirsty Herod. Pray, how was that, my love, demanded the Countess?

One summer's evening, as the queen of Egypt and her Anthony sported together, on the Nile, in her since celebrated galley; the gemmed streamers blazed above and kindled the kissing air; the sails of Tyrian silk majestically bellied beneath; while the keel, covered all around with plates of burnished gold, murmured as it moved and burned along the waters.

I have, my queen, said Anthony, just received a little present from Sohemus of Jewry; he had the address to procure me a miniature of Mariamne, the famed princess of the Macabean race. I think it pretty enough, said Anthony, carelessly; but you may be a better judge.

He then took it forth, and put it into the hand of the alarmed Cleopatra. She blushed, and again turned pale while she gazed upon it. This cannot be natural, she cried; nothing  
on



on earth can be like it. Then, while she pretended to praise it, she let it drop, as it were by accident, into the Nile. I would not, exclaimed Anthony, in a start of disgust, I would not have lost it for seven of the richest provinces. I fancy, however, that Cleopatra was in the right; and I, vain as I am, should not wish to tempt my lover with enticing varieties. Ah, cried BEAUCHAMP, make me but once possessor of the sum and essence of all beauties in JULIET, and let who will take all the shadows that the world contains.

Well, but will you tell us, my lord, said JULIET to her BEAUCHAMP, will you tell us what those tidings were that induced you, as you said, to return to England?

In Naples, one night, as I sat in a retired room that lay within the hosteria, I fitted my little instrument, and began to play, as usual, one of my pensive airs. I had not been long so engaged, when an attendant entered. He told me that sir William Douglas, a gentleman alone as I was, sent his compliments to

me,

me, and requested the permission of having his supper served in my apartment.

Though I was much averse to company, I was not altogether of a churlish disposition ; so, after a little hesitation, I desired the waiter to return my respects to sir William, and to conduct him as he desired.

Soon after, he came, gracefully bowing as he entered. He was tall, elegantly formed, and had one of the most sweetly softened aspects I had ever beheld. We gazed a time at each other in mutual silence. I moved my hand for him to sit. He did, and then broke silence.

Ah sir, he cried, how your heart-affecting music has pleased and distressed me ! I have been travelling these two years, in order to get cured of an unhappy and hopeless passion ; but, the notes of your minim instrument have excited my griefs anew, and brought all the attractions of the dear object afresh to memory.

What,



What, a lover, sir William? said I; then we are indeed fit companions for each other, and fit for no one else in the world beside. He took me affectionately by the hand,—You cannot, said he politely, you cannot surely be unsuccessful as I have been!

Supper was then served, and he ordered up a decanter of the very best wine that the hosteria afforded. We chatted awhile about indifferent subjects. Our familiarity then increased; that familiarity grew more benevolent; and we began to be solicitously inquisitive touching the interests of one another.

And pray, sir William, said I, who is the object that can be deserving of so lengthened a passion? A two years constancy in love is a heavy servitude indeed!

O, he exclaimed, would to heaven that thrice the servitude of the patriarch Jacob, or that a travel equal to that of Israel through the wilderness, would finally bring me in prospect of the Canaan for which I languish! Ah  
 JULIET, JULIET GRENVILLE, thou loveliest  
 JULIET!

JULIET ! he cried,—she is the person, who, with all the young nobility of Britain, has numbered me among the list of her unsuccessing and vainly sighing adorers.

I started at the name, as struck by some quick indisposition ; but turned something aside, to disguise my emotion. I remember, said I, to have seen an amiable infant, then called JULIET GRENVILLE : but, as I was informed, she died many years ago. She did not die, said sir William ; though every one numbered her among the dead, and for years she was accounted quite irrecoverable : she pined, as her father afterward in confidence told me, for the loss of her infant associate, her young lover, who was son to the earl of CRANFIELD.

Ah ! I exclaimed, and in a transport cast my arms about him, can it be, is it possible ? does she live, does she live indeed ? O, my friend, my dearest of friends, how much more than for life am I indebted to you for the tidings !

He



He looked at me, with a shade of jealousy that tinged his regard. O then, he cried, it seems, you yourself are, nay you must be the supremely happy man; you must be the object of the dying passions of our JULIET, you must be yourself the young earl of CRANFIELD.

I bowed my assent, and again we sat down. Well, said he, recollecting and constraining himself a little, I do not envy—I will not if I can—I would not envy you the wondrous blessing : I will endeavour, my friend, to rejoice in your joy. Your happiness shall console me for the loss of my own. It shall cure me of my malady. And I will have no happiness, save the happiness of my friend. Let me, therefore, contribute toward it ; permit me to inform you, to what an immense depth you are indebted to the love of that consummate creature.

Her father, whose idol she was, wished her of all things to marry; and his sumptuous house was daily open to all conformable suitors. Among the rest, I had the honour to be

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graciously admitted ; and I had the vanity to think, that, under his favouring auspices, I might hope for a reception preferable to most of my rivals. She did indeed prefer me in respect of exterior marks of a friendly familiarity, but then it was bounded as by the line that marks out the frigid zone ; although Mr. GRENVILLE told me, he would give twenty thousand pounds, that I could prevail upon her to consent to his wishes and my own.

While I prided in the little matter of distinction that I mentioned, I had the mortification to perceive, that she treated all others with a sort of kindly though cold complacence. In short, her looks of gentle forbiddance were like the touch of the Torpedo ; they chilled and froze the heart of the most animated lover, and banished him to a distance that prohibited farther intrusion.

It was then that her father, in friendly confidence, discovered to me her passion for you, my lord ; and so, despairing of the possibility of the most distant success, I set out on my travels,



travels, to try what time and the variety of foreign objects might be able to effect toward a partial recovery.

Sir William and I, during the forepart of the night, cemented into a union of the most cordial intimacy, and vowed to each other a friendship of never ending endearment. O, he cried, before we parted, will you do me the honour of mentioning me before your goddess, I trust not to disadvantage? the imagination of her taking me into her thoughts, at times, will greatly serve toward piecing a broken heart together.

When we bid adieu, I locked my door with impatience, and throwing myself on the boards, I remained prostrate, for some hours, in the act of intense adoration to that over gracious power, who had so wonderfully distinguished me above the happy, above all the happiest of all the people upon earth!

On the next day, I, in a hurry, made sale of a large brilliant which the marquis had enclosed to me along with the picture; and,  
with

with equal celerity, I equipt myself for a voyage to the land of my JULIET.

When I arrived, how blessed did I think myself in treading on the country whereon she also trod. As I approached to the city wherein she resided, my agitations encreased. But, when I came to the house, the happy house that contained her, my limbs could no longer support me, and I sat down panting and palpitating on the steps of the outward door.

I had conceived the presumptuous project of catching the attention and regards of miss GRENVILLE, by something more valuable than external allurements; and, for that purpose, I had disguised myself in an uncouth and disagreeable form.

I knocked bashfully at the door. Mr. GRENVILLE happened to be passing. He questioned me in terms of the most delicate humanity. My answers seemed to strike him; and he engaged my service, led me in by the hand, and would have introduced me to the ladies; but  
I withdrew.



I withdrew to a distant seat. I trembled from head to foot, without daring to look toward the place where my charmer was situated. At length I was tempted to adventure on a short glance; and my eyes reported to my bounding heart, it is she! it is she! Miss GRENVILLE knows the rest; and here my tale has its period.

Well, my Tom, said the Earl, you shall no more be dependent on the sale of baubles, or the precarious gifts of others. From this day forward I endow you with all my possessions.

Not so, my lord, said Tom; I would not accept a kingdom, on the condition of foregoing my dependence on my father. Your goodness to me, my lord, is the surest and dearest reliance that I can have upon earth. That is sweetly said, replied the Earl: but know, that I and all that I have are yours.

Thus these happy parents, and the still happier lovers, spent their time in receiving, in communicating, and in multiplying their bliss upon each other.

On the following day, lord BEAUCHAMP and his JULIET, both drest in the highest elegance, took the chariot, in order to pay their duties to their other parents.

When they stopped at the door, Mr. and Mrs. GRENVILLE admired, through the windows, who this gay and finished figure of a young gentleman could be, who sat in such an easy familiarity with their daughter.

On entering, JULIET, with the happiest face in the world, took her Tommy by the hand, and smilingly led him up to her parents. Allow me, dear sir, allow me, my dear madam, to introduce lord BEAUCHAMP to you—my old lover ye know, and son to the earl of CRANFIELD. He is lately returned to his native country, and our affliction for his loss is now no more.

They saluted, on either part, with a cold and ceremonious regard; and my lord, on Mr. GRENVILLE's moving his hand, sat down, but was silent.

Have



Have you heard, sir, since I saw you, said Miss GRENVILLE to her father, have you heard any thing of Mr. Thomason? No, said Mr. GRENVILLE, and that's what deeply distresses us; we dread lest some fatal accident should have befallen that most worthy most accomplished of men. Both the parents hereupon turned an eye of severity and displeasure on their daughter; when lord BEAUCHAMP, in a jealous kind of phrase, demanded who this all-praised Thomason could be?

Mr. and Mrs. GRENVILLE instantly started at the sound of the well known voice, and miss JULIET broke out into a sweetly chuckling laugh. What, she cried, don't ye know your old friend, your own favourite Mr. Thomason?

They all rose, and the happy parents, in a transport of sudden joy, flew at him; they took him between them, and never would have been tired in embracing and caressing him, till their JULIET cried out, Don't devour him, don't devour him! leave a piece of the young man for me, I beseech you.

There

There was now no farther obstacle to the union of this consummate pair. The happy day was appointed. One of the most spacious and most magnificent houses in all London was purchased for the common residence of the three united families. All was salutation, congratulation, exultation, and jubilation. The friends and relations were invited on all sides. The most splendid and profuse entertainment was provided and in preparing. Early on a summer's morning they all set out for Twickenham; and the entranced lord BEAUCHAMP was there joined, in the bands of matrimony, to his sweetly abashed bride, by the bishop of St. Asaph.

On the road, and when the company were again collected together, the now lady BEAUCHAMP looked as in some solemn though serene abstraction, as a philosopher retired within himself, and awfully intent on high or celestial matters. No eye dared to cast a glance of levity at her, her heavenly aspect so chastened and purified their regards.

After



After dinner, while all the company sat in the triumph of high and heart-felt exultation, a note was delivered to lady CRANFIELD, and, on the perusal, she instantly fainted away.

While Mrs. GRENVILLE was busy in the recovery of her ladyship, she also reminded herself of a note which she had received the day before, but which she had forgotten in the hurry of the wedding. She took it out in a pannic, and, on the reading, she also sunk senseless beside her friend.

They were carried in, by their women, to their several apartments; when lord CRANFIELD and Mr. GRENVILLE fearfully took up the papers, that had fallen on the floor. They were separately addressed by the two nurses of Thomas and JULIET; and both of them joined in the fatal affirmation of their being brother and sister.

Here, they found double testimony to the same killing purpose. My lord and Mr. GRENVILLE sat opposite in mute dismay, like  
two

two faithful mirrors reflecting the horrors of each other's countenance: they then, with a glance of anguish that denied utterance, handed over the notes to their respective children.

The company all arose, and flunk away, as though they had been guilty of some misdemeanour, without taking leave, or being able to conjecture what the matter might mean.

Upon the perusal of tidings so deadly, so doomsday-like, miss GRENVILLE sat awhile as one unmoved and unconcerned: her eyes, at length, began to assume an unvarying and unvisionary fixture, and, shortly after, closing, she bent on one side, and sunk from her chair; while a female attendant affectionately caught her as she was falling, sunk under her, and, with streaming eyes, laid the beauteous head upon her bosom.

Speechless, pale, immoveable, his wringing hands wrought the one within the other, lord BEAUCHAMP hung over her, in fixed and unlamenting because unutterable woe.

When



When the two families, so cordially endeared to each other, had been, in a measure, restored to life; each of them lamented the common calamity apart. They then got together, and, forgetful of chairs or sofas, they sat down upon the ground; and, at a loss for terms to express the depth of their grief, they jointly broke into tears and wailings and loud lamentations.

All became an obscure void, or dreary wilderness, in their souls. Their late paradisiacal and sunshiny prospects were now wrapt, by their imagination, in an ever-during night; and all their hopes and views of connubial delights, and a lovely stream of descendants, were cut off and quenched for ever.

They had, indeed, an over affluence of wealth and honours heaped upon them; but they wanted what they desired, the late happiness for which they panted, which had been just within their grasp, and they turned from all things else with loathing.

No

No more visitants were admitted : even the families kept asunder ; each took a morsel of something, or what was next to nothing, in their own apartment : they could not support the sight of their own woe in another. The inside of their house, as well as that of their souls, was all covered with black ; and they half darkened the windows, to make mourning more sad.

The respective parents kept their supposed children as remote as possible, lest their distress should become altogether insupportable by the sight of each other.

Thus sundered, they sighed incessantly ; they shed deluges of tears : they spent the days in silence, and the nights in lamentation. At length, lord BEAUCHAMP took up the pen, and thus addressed his JULIET.

“ Yes, my JULIET—my sister—sister ! ah  
 “ sad sound !—But, are you the less endeared  
 “ to me ? O no, no, no.—I loved you, as I  
 “ may say, the first hour that you had life—  
 “ I loved



“ I loved you while I thought that precious  
 “ life existed—I loved you, when I deemed  
 “ you dead, with unabated ardour—so that,  
 “ through life, and through death, through  
 “ time and through eternity, I must ever love  
 “ you my JULIET—why, why must I add,—  
 “ my sister ?

“ It is in vain, that legal restraints, that  
 “ the sacred barriers of religious prohibitions,  
 “ obtrude themselves upon my soul. I strug-  
 “ gle in their favour, I fight for them against  
 “ myself—But it will not do—I cannot prevail  
 “ —my passion blazes but the fiercer, and  
 “ ascends the very zenith.

“ But, why talk I against religious rites and  
 “ ceremonies ? Ought I not rather to call  
 “ them all to my aid ? Were we not joined by  
 “ the sanction of every law divine and human ?  
 “ Were not heaven and earth cited, to wit-  
 “ ness to our union ? — Wife — Wife ! — O,  
 “ word of rapture !—what a paradise, what  
 “ an Eden is wrapt up in the term !—The  
 “ very idea of the possibility contains more of  
 “ bliss in it, than the joys of all other mortals,

“ condensed and summed together, could  
 “ amount to.

“ But—brother and sister?—you will say—  
 “ Yes, brother and sister, my JULIET!—I  
 “ felt that we were brother and sister—I felt  
 “ the chords of blood and nature pulling me  
 “ as forcibly as irresistibly to you, as a small  
 “ fragment of iron is attracted by a rock of  
 “ adamant—I would resist the impulse, if I  
 “ could.—Heaven knows, my beloved, that I  
 “ would withdraw my heart from you, if I  
 “ were able—but it cracks, it wrings, it rends  
 “ in the attempt, and it clings and will cling  
 “ to you when life is torn away from it.

“ And yet—why except so highly, why so  
 “ heinously offended at the terms, brother and  
 “ sister?—Are we not all brothers and sisters,  
 “ daughters and sons of Adam?—In the ages  
 “ of early innocence, before the supreme plea-  
 “ sure was tied down to the subsequence of  
 “ human institutions, brother and sister were  
 “ allowed, nay they were enjoined to marry;  
 “ the great brotherhood of man, otherwise,  
 “ could never have commenced. And, there  
 “ was



“ was the patriarch Abraham too ; matter of  
 “ high and respectable authority ! He was  
 “ stiled, by way of the most honoured exalta-  
 “ tion, the Friend of God ; and yet, this  
 “ very Abraham took his sister, at least a half  
 “ sister, to wife. And the world, and all  
 “ worlds, can no otherwise be saved or bless-  
 “ ed than by their progeny.

“ Alas ! after all I have said, I have a fear-  
 “ ful feeling that my JULIET will not be  
 “ wholly conformable to my reasonings. Her  
 “ delicacy is like the apple of the eye, tender,  
 “ and closing against the appearance of a mote  
 “ of offence. I would not violate this heaven-  
 “ ly sensibility for the world ; you know me  
 “ not, if you think it ; I would rather die a  
 “ thousand deaths.—No.—rather let us forego  
 “ the dear title and connubial sanctitude of  
 “ husband and wife.—Let us barely adhere to  
 “ the connection of brother and sister ; that  
 “ you cannot refuse me ; it is the charter of  
 “ my nature, and I will claim and cleave to  
 “ to it.

“ Let us fly, let us fly, my JULIET, far,  
 “ far from the haunts and treadings of man,  
 “ where no intruding objects may divert us  
 “ from the converse and sight of each other !  
 “ —We shall not want for entertainment ; I  
 “ know my JULIET to be capable of the  
 “ sublimest and deepest things.—There also  
 “ we will renew our commerce with those ce-  
 “ lestial natures, with whom we formerly  
 “ communicated, when I dreamed that my  
 “ JULIET procured me admittance among the  
 “ hosts of the empyreum.

“ But I see you alarmed—Be not alarmed,  
 “ my angel !—here, on my knees—on my  
 “ knees, and before heaven, I swear to you a  
 “ chastity as cold and severe, as that of the  
 “ frost that tops the mountains of Zembla.—  
 “ Your hand—ay—there can be no manner of  
 “ harm in a hand—your hand I say, at times,  
 “ you may allow me to be bold with.—Ah no  
 “ —I reject the thought—I refuse myself the  
 “ blessing—the touch might thrill me too  
 “ much—it might—O heavens !—no—not for  
 “ a thousand worlds—Keep your hand to your-  
 “ self, my sister !

“ O, that



“ O, that we had been born of two poor  
 “ and separate cottagers, remote from the noise  
 “ and tumult of life, from the idle bustle of  
 “ the world, from the cloud-graspings of am-  
 “ bition, the poverty of the wealthy, and the  
 “ littleness of the great !

“ Rich in health and industry, with what  
 “ delight I should have handled the plow, the  
 “ spade, and the mattock, in the consciouf-  
 “ ness that I was providing the means of  
 “ living for my love.

“ Let me, let me enjoy the beatific vision !  
 “ I have returned from my morning's labour ;  
 “ and I am now out again to finish the toil  
 “ of the day—My JULIET, in the mean  
 “ space, remains at home, with her little ones  
 “ about her, who live upon her looks. She  
 “ has nearly prepared our homely but health-  
 “ ful meal—she sees me coming, from a dis-  
 “ tance—our evening's banquet is dished—she  
 “ comes to the door, with her children on  
 “ either side, and one little babe looking and  
 “ chuckling at her from her bosom—She sees  
 “ my approach, with heaven in her smiles,

“ and more than heaven in her cares—she  
 “ advances to meet me—my children come  
 “ flying before—they clap their little hands,  
 “ and spread their little arms to give me re-  
 “ ception—they clasp and cling about me, as  
 “ the young ones flutter and cling about their  
 “ parent turtle when just returned to his nest  
 “ —My JULIET now rescues me from them—  
 “ I take her to my arms, to my heart, into  
 “ my spirit, and the thrilling possession is hap-  
 “ piness unutterable—She reaches to me the  
 “ babe from the fragrance of her bosom—it  
 “ smiles and crows to be at me; it stretches  
 “ out the pudgy hands to come to its nursing  
 “ father, and we converse together in all the  
 “ fooleries of the infantine dialect.

“ We enter our hut, the table is laid, but  
 “ I sit not down as yet. I take a rapturous  
 “ survey of my wife and my infants, of all  
 “ the blessings about me—I raise my eyes and  
 “ hands, at first, in a silent, though ecstatic  
 “ ejaculation—and then I pronounce aloud  
 “ our humble and fervent thanks, to the giver  
 “ of all gifts and pourer out of all bounties,  
 “ for his astonishing graciousness to me an un-  
 meriting



“meriting sinner; while my JULIET, with  
 “her infant her young cherub on her lap, lifts  
 “up its little hands, and calls for and pulls  
 “down an encrease to the blessing.

“But, whither, and to what lengths,  
 “would the excesses of a fond imagination  
 “carry me!—What contradictions, what  
 “ravings I must have written!—But, my fa-  
 “culties are all confused, my head disordered,  
 “and my heart cleft in sunder!

“Ah, let it be—let it be—of what concern  
 “are my complaints to you?—are you any  
 “way interested in my griefs, my sister?—  
 “Alas, perhaps, ere this, I am banished your  
 “remembrance!—the severity of your virtue,  
 “the baleful idea of the passion of a brother,  
 “must have rooted out, must have utterly  
 “erased every trace, every impression of my  
 “image from your heart. You are then at  
 “peace, my sister—Well—ought I not to  
 “wish it?—Ah, I have not yet dared to put  
 “that question to my soul.—To purchase your  
 “peace, my JULIET—my once loved, my ne-  
 “cessarily, my inevitably, ever ever beloved

“JULIET!

“ JULIET! — I would pour out my blood,  
 “ would drain it to the latest drop — But — to  
 “ forego your memory of me — to have no idea  
 “ of me left in your chaste, your fair bosom!  
 “ it is to me at once, as though all things  
 “ should be annihilated; as though no inte-  
 “ rest, for existence, were left to me in the  
 “ universe..

“ Would you have it so, my sister? — Will  
 “ not honour, will not chastity allow you some  
 “ faint remembrance of me? — May you not  
 “ even continue to love me — a little — with a  
 “ species of affection — with the love of a  
 “ sister? — Yes, virtue permits it, nature en-  
 “ joins it — Love me, love me then, — O, still  
 “ love me a little — my too well beloved sister!

“ Answer me I pray you, O, send me some  
 “ answer, thou JULIET of my spirit! — an-  
 “ swer me, at least, to such parts of my letter  
 “ as you least disapprove — to such as have  
 “ not been highly offensive to you.

“ By what name shall I stile myself, your  
 “ Tommy, or your Thomason? — Do not  
 “ judge.



“ judge over hardly of me—Indeed I have  
 “ struggled and strove, and still struggle and  
 “ strive to love you less, my sister!—but, how  
 “ should I prevail, while I am constrained to  
 “ confess, that I cannot wish to conquer?

“ Adieu, thou heaven of a JULIET, thou,  
 “ who alone art capable of raising of resusci-  
 “ tating another Eden upon earth!

Toward night, he received the following  
 answer.

JULIET to Lord BEAUCHAMP.

“ No, my brother, no, I have not forgot  
 “ you—I would to—But no—let me not dare  
 “ to attest heaven in a falsehood—I do not, I  
 “ would not, I cannot wish to forget you.

“ Were you not the first impression that  
 “ was stamped upon my infant imagination,  
 “ an impression so indelible, so throughout my  
 “ existence, as scarce to leave room for any  
 “ other?

“ Again,

“ Again, did you not form and inform me  
 “ with a new nature, as I may say; by your  
 “ divine precepts, and by your still diviner ex-  
 “ ample and persuasives? Am I not indebted  
 “ to you for the principal portion of my piety?  
 “ Yes, you have taught me to love my God  
 “ with the more intense fervour, by loving the  
 “ excellence of his propensities in you.

“ But—brother and sister in nuptial—bold  
 “ man!—how did you dare to obtrude the  
 “ shivering idea upon my soul!—But, my  
 “ soul received it not,—I shrunk and retired  
 “ inward, and shuddered at the proposal to  
 “ the depth of existence.

“ Your system of flight, indeed, has some-  
 “ what, has too much of temptation in it. O  
 “ yes, my brother, I would, I would fly with  
 “ you, from fame, from family, from the  
 “ world; I would fly with you, my brother,  
 “ provided I were assured I might ever abide  
 “ with you, as with a brother.—But—are  
 “ you not also frail, even as I am frail, my  
 “ Thomason? Are not you, yourself, in a  
 “ measure obnoxious to the infirmities of na-  
 “ ture:



“ ture and seductions of sense ?—Well ; be you  
 “ firm as you may, I will not trust to my own  
 “ weakness—I will not risque it, my brother—  
 “ not, for millions of worlds, will I trust my  
 “ own weakness.

“ At present, I feel myself as distant from  
 “ the possibility of the dreaded temptation, as  
 “ pole is from pole.—But—may there not come  
 “ a relaxing moment ?—might not a virgin,  
 “ composed entirely of Alpine snow, be warm-  
 “ ed by the breath of a love like that of my  
 “ Tommy ?—Ah ! the idea, even of a pro-  
 “ pensity to a single lapse, carries horror with-  
 “ in it, a dizziness and whirl that looks where  
 “ it finds no bottom.

“ No—come not to me—come not near  
 “ me—let me never behold you more—lest my  
 “ heart should heave with a wish that you were  
 “ not my brother !

“ Let us be patient, my Thomason.—I feel  
 “ that I am going, that I am going very fast.—  
 “ It will not be long till my spirit shall await you  
 “ above.—Or, should you happen to take your  
 “ flight

“ flight before me, I cannot fail to find you at  
 “ once, by the singularity of your features,—by  
 “ the gentleness the sweetness of the summer-  
 “ evening in your soul,—by the nobleness, the  
 “ meekness, the intrepidity of your spirit,—by a  
 “ bounty that knows no bounds; a sensibility  
 “ that feels for all, excepting yourself—by  
 “ the music of your sentiments that shall en-  
 “ rapture the hearers—and by the beaming of  
 “ your benevolence, that shall send its warmth  
 “ and lustre, far, far and wide around you!

“ In the mean space, my brother, let us  
 “ not take the smallest step that might bring  
 “ into jeopardy the life of our eternity; that  
 “ might hazard or prevent the blessing of our  
 “ union in the regions of blessedness!

“ But ah, my Tommy, my Thomason,  
 “ how have you called off my will and medi-  
 “ tation from the heaven I was talking of,  
 “ by representing and picturing forth a hea-  
 “ ven to my imagination, more delicious below!  
 “ O such a father, and such babes! such a  
 “ palace of a cottage, all glorious within!—  
 “ I wetted the paper and I dried it, and I  
 “ wetted



“wetted and dried it again, and again I  
“drowned it with my tears.

“Adieu, on this side of eternity,

“O, adieu, adieu,

“MY BROTHER!”

On the next day, lady JULIET received the  
following short epistle.

BEAUCHAMP to the JULIET!

In heart-broken greetings.

“I acquiesce, my divine sister.—You shall  
“see me no more.—I will not offend the re-  
“vered tremblings of your sensibility, your  
“celestial apprehensions!—neither will I, any  
“more, set my eyes on the JULIET.—The  
“morning of my delights shall never more  
“arise upon me—I content to be shut up in  
“night and darkness for ever!

““You say that you are sick, my sister!—  
“your brother too is far from well.—The mo-  
“ment, that puts a period to the breathing of  
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“ my JULIET, as with a sympathetic stroke of  
 “ invifible thunder, puts an equal and instant  
 “ period to my exiftence upon earth.

“ Let it be!—I do not murmur—a fin-  
 “ gle thought fhall not dare to arife within my  
 “ foul, that might ask the beloved DIS-  
 “ P O S E R, why is it thus?—We have for-  
 “ merly had, as you may remember, my fiftter,  
 “ we have had our days of enjoyment; our  
 “ days of the delirium of innocence and love.

“ I afterwards had, my fiftter, bleffed be  
 “ the reverfe! my years of fevere fufferance.  
 “ —I repined, indeed; but ftill I endured.

“ Then it was that I was taken up, as it  
 “ were, from all things mortal; that I might  
 “ have been in heaven, and heaven wholly in  
 “ me!—but, the image of my JULIET impel-  
 “ led itfelf upon me, and partly ferved to fhut  
 “ me from the vifion of my God.

“ Shall I then accufe you, my fiftter? or  
 “ fhall I accufe myfelf, for being thus ftinted  
 “ of the confummation of my blifs?—neither  
 “ the



“ the one nor the other—Had it not been for  
 “ the former sight, the converse and the sen-  
 “ timents of my JULIET, I might have been  
 “ ignorant to this day of what ought to be  
 “ worshipped in heaven, by being blind to its  
 “ manifestation and illustration upon earth.

“ I am now subdued to every will, and  
 “ chastened to every wish of my reverently  
 “ beloved sister.—Time, mortality, world,  
 “ I part from you without a sigh!—Come on,  
 “ thou dread of worldlings, thou apparatus  
 “ to death!—welcome every throe, every  
 “ pang, that shall hasten the coveted dissolu-  
 “ tion! when, and whereby, my JULIET and  
 “ I shall meet, to part no more!—shall meet,  
 “ my JULIET, my JULIET, where it will no  
 “ longer be imputed as a crime, to love too  
 “ dearly!

“ Yes—my panting heart, my trembling  
 “ lips shall dare to pronounce—till then—  
 “ adieu—O, adieu, adieu,

“ MY SISTER!”

In the mean space, the asperity of the griefs of the rest of the family began to lose of its points. The two matron ladies could, at length, bear to look each other in the face. They met—they shed, on either part, the stream of mutual condolence.—They then took forth their respective notes, and began to compare them; when, lady CRANFIELD remarked, that, though the two papers agreed upon the main article of brotherhood and sisterhood, there was yet an observable clashing in other particulars.

That, addressed to Mrs. GRENVILLE, was conceived in these terms :

“ Stop, honoured madam, for heaven’s  
 “ sake, instantly stop the marriage of young  
 “ lord CRANFIELD and lady JULIET—they  
 “ are brother and sister.

“ All at present from your once faithful and  
 “ loving servant,

“ ROSE JENKINS.”

That,



That, to the Countess of CRANFIELD, was as follows.

“ I am faulty, my lady, very faulty indeed.  
 “ But then my fault meant no manner of harm  
 “ to your ladyship. Howsomever, my con-  
 “ science will not allow me to have incest com-  
 “ mitted in the families with my connivance.  
 “ Do not suffer, I beg and pray it of you, do  
 “ not suffer master Tommy to be bedded with  
 “ miss JULIET—they are brother and sister.”

“ Your ladyship’s formerly true servant,  
 “ JUDITH JOWLES.”

Here, the ladies were deeply puzzled, and long at a loss.—They argued and concluded between themselves, that, if Thomas and JULIET were actually the children whom they had given to nurse, and were yet brother and sister, they must, in that case, inevitably, be both the children of the one or the other, either of the Countess, or of Mrs. GRENVILLE; and, accordingly, both the affectionate mothers began to palpitate, and felt a pang of heart lest she herself should be childless.

At length they agreed, that each should send post, though secretly, for her respective nurse; and that they should promise them pardon, with additional rewards, provided they would come and declare separately, faithfully, and truly, concerning how and to whom the children belonged.

Within the two subsequent days, the two nurses, successively, obeyed the summons; and each gave in, to her respective mistress, a veritable account of all that she knew of this calamitous affair.

Late on the same evening, the ladies had a secret meeting, each drowned in tears, and a handkerchief at her eyes. Ah, my heavens! cried the Countess, what a blessed mother you are! Two children, madam? and both to your own share; while your friend is left desolate! Your triumph is great indeed!

I children, I children, cried Mrs. GRENVILLE, in a questioning exclamation! But you mean to insult me, madam; you know the children are both your own. I deserved, however,



however, no insult from you ; I wished you every blessing that Omnipotence could confer.— I confess also, indeed, that I wished some little matter of comfort to myself ; some one, whom I might take, as a portion of my being, to my bosom ; who might console me in life, and close my eyes in death.

Lady CRANFIELD, on observing the jealous fervour with which Mrs. GRENVILLE was agitated, began to suspect that somewhat extraordinary was still latent at the bottom of this business ; wherefore, she requested her friend to be calm, and to come to a deliberate and amicable explanation.

As for me, continued the Countess, I call heaven to witness, that I examined my nurse with the strictest precision ; that she exhibited circumstances, which appeared to me indubitable, of your being the mother, both of Thomas and JULIET ; and that I am persuaded she uttered the very thoughts of her soul, as she spoke so utterly opposite to her own interests.

I ask

I ask your ladyship's pardon, responded Mrs. GRENVILLE ; indeed, I ought not to have thought it possible, that any good fortune should have elevated you so highly, as to render you capable of insulting the misery of your friend. And yet, I examined my nurse, strictly, to all points ; I sifted her thoroughly ; and she perseveres, and affirms, that, if it were with her dying breath, she would proclaim that Thomas and JULIET are both the born children of your ladyship.

Here was confusion on confusion, and agitation on agitation. Each of the ladies earnestly yearned to be the mother of something ; but, in case it should not be so, each internally strove and struggled not to envy the other.

They now agreed to inform their husbands of this, as they supposed, inextricable entanglement. Mr. GRENVILLE thereupon, as a principal of the quorum, issued warrants for the caption of the two nurses ; and accordingly they were taken separately, and kept apart in safe custody.

In



In the mean time, the bosoms of the four presumptive parents were agitated with tumultuous and conflicting passions, and each dreaded to learn the intelligence which yet they hastened to acquire.

All persons were excluded from this palpitating enquiry, save the four principals concerned. The nurses were successively called in and examined, upon oath, with the most rigorous scrutiny. When, on comparing the several testimonies, the fact was found clearly and triumphantly evident, as followeth.

Lady CRANFIELD and Mrs. GRENVILLE had been married on the same hour; and, within the succeeding year, on the very same night, they were delivered of two sons, whom they gave to be nursed by two sisters, who lived in the same house, and who lay in the same room, to be ready and near at hand for the assistance of each other.

The features of the children were yet unformed; and there was farther such an uncommon

common resemblance between them, that an accurate observer could scarce discern the difference.

Within a few days after they were given to be suckled, the elder sister, who nursed for lady CRANFIELD, happened unfortunately to overlay her infant in the night; and rising, and moving on tiptoe to the bed where her sister lay sunk in sleep, she stole the living child and laid the dead one in the place. And thus the son of Mr. GRENVILLE came, ever since, to be esteemed the son of the earl of CRANFIELD.

On the morning, great lamentation was made over the breathless infant. However, the nurses agreed, between themselves, to affirm, that the babe had died suddenly of fits; and so this affair was craftily hushed up.

In about three years after, the two ladies, within the same month, were again delivered of two smiling daughters, and gave them to be suckled by the same women.

On:



On the ninth week following, the two children were infected by the small-pox. Physicians were sent for, both mothers daily visited them, and all possible care was taken of them.

In the mean time, the Countess's nurse fell ill of a delirious fever, and was removed to the farther part of the house. The two mothers were thereby deterred from visiting the children as frequently as usual. On the eleventh night Mrs. GRENVILLE's daughter died. The nurse, half frantic with jealousy, that her elder sister should have two living children, and she herself not one, determined, as the other had done, on an exchange. She sent word to the Earl, that his daughter was dead: accordingly, the deceased child of Mrs. GRENVILLE was buried under the title of lady MATILDA BEAUCHAMP; and the real daughter of the Earl and Countess of CRANFIELD came, ever since, to be esteemed the offspring of their friends, under the name of JULIET GRENVILLE.

The elder nurse, on her recovery, did not so much as question her younger sister respecting  
ing

ing the children. She had the highest opinion of her probity, and did not think her capable of a fraud like to that, of which she herself had been guilty. And thus the one sister secretly, but veritably, assured herself, that both the children were the offspring of Mr. and Mrs. GRENVILLE ; while the other, with equal certainty assured herself, that they were the offspring of the Earl and Countess of CRANFIELD.

In the mean space, the supposed JULIET GRENVILLE, on her recovery, had her face long suffused with a disagreeable redness ; but, in less than two years, it entirely cleared away, and she began to blow and bloom like the rose of the fragrant Sharon.

Nothing could equal the exultation of these four beatified parents, on this discovery, and the solution of the foregoing intricacies. They would never have put an end to their mutual caresses and congratulations, had they not be-  
thought themselves of imparting the same subject of rejoicing to their dear and disconsolate children.

They



They then agreed, that Mr. and Mrs. GRENVILLE should be detached to their, as tenderly as ever, beloved JULIET; while lord and lady CRANFIELD should carry the tidings of comfort and blessedness to their equally endeared Tommy.

The envoys of peace and joy to their JULIET, found her seated, and reclining her beautiful head on the back of a sofa. They had not seen her from the day of the first fatal information: their hearts did not suffer them to add to their own misery by beholding of her's, while they deemed and assured themselves that her heart was in the breaking.

They were terrified at the sickness and resigned languor of her aspect. Pale, pale was the cheek, so accustomed to flush an alarm on the slightest indecency or indelicacy in others. The polished roundings of her face and flesh had lost their firmness; and the blood, like out-guards stationed on the frontiers, had retired inward to defend the assaulted citadel.

They were so sadly attentive to these articles, they had not yet observed that she was

dressed in all her decorations, even as the bride in the song of David, all glorious without and within.

They approached her couch with a gentle caution. They sighed at the weakness of her present condition, and dreaded the consequence of any sudden alarm. We bring you joy, my love, said they ; but they said it with a face of sorrow.

Each of them took a hand, and pressed it to their lips, and to their bosom. Be well, be happy, my love, they cried ; we bring you tidings of great joy !

She turned upon them an eye of grateful and ineffable complacence. She then took Mr. GRENVILLE's hand, and raising and kissing it with a fervent weakness, O, sir, she said, You have ever been too kind, too tenderly indulgent to me ; yet be not jealous, I beseech you, of my getting another father.

Why, cried Mrs. GRENVILLE with quickness, has any one told you, my dear, that Lord CRANFIELD is your father ? No, no, replied



plied JULIET, it is not of any earthly parents that I was speaking; I meant no other than my father which is in heaven! I have got another husband too, even the husband in the Canticles. Do ye not perceive, that I am dressed out for my bridal?

Here Mr. and Mrs. GRENVILLE were distressfully affected; and they burst forth involuntarily and reluctantly into tears. But, in the midst of their sobbing, they cried, Be well, be happy, my daughter, my still dearest, my heavenly daughter! your Tommy, your Thomason, your dear BEAUCHAMP is not your brother. All is discovered, plain as noon—he is not your brother; indeed, he is not your brother! Be well, be happy, my daughter!

What is this, what is this that ye tell me, cried JULIET, turning an eye upon them of half frantic fire? BEAUCHAMP not my brother!—No, my love, said Mrs. GRENVILLE, no my beloved, said Mr. GRENVILLE, he is not your brother, we assure you.

Blessed—blessed—blessed!—she repeated with an under but extatic lowness of voice, while

the lids closed upon her eyes as she exalted them toward heaven.—Ah! ye know not, ye know not what a mountain ye have lifted from my conscience; as I dreaded, greatly dreaded, that all my strivings might not be able to subdue my affections to a temperature befitting the love of a sister.

But—she startingly continued—may not new nurses, new boding ravens arrive, and croak a reverse to these tidings of transport?—No, my angel, cried Mr. GRENVILLE, the whole of the mystery is at length quite uncovered. You are found to be daughter to the Earl and Countess of CRANFIELD, the true lady MATILDA BEAUCHAMP: and your lover must now descend to the condition of our son, who was christened by the name of HENRY BEAUCHAMP GRENVILLE. O, then, exclaimed JULIET, feebly clapping her hands, All is equal and right—we are both BEAUCHAMPS still.

Mr. and Mrs. GRENVILLE then seated themselves on either side of their darling, and each took a hand and fostered it between theirs. You will not, said one, you will not, I trust, said



said the other, with a filling tear, altogether forget, that you once thought yourself our child, our passionately beloved child, dearer to our hearts than the vital blood that warmed them.

Ah, exclaimed JULIET, forget you, forget you!—I then were a wretch indeed; the accursed of every sentiment of gratitude and virtue; the out-cast of all human and divine sensibilities!—O no, she cried, and withdrew her hands, and tenderly put one round the neck of each parent, O no, my precious father, O no, my precious mother; while memory, while life remains, ye shall ever be held as the dearer part of my existence.—They then folded her successively though gently to their bosoms; and, remembering former times, they all wept together.

In the mean space, the Earl and Countess of CRANFIELD went on a visit to their late and still equally beloved son.

They found him half stretched upon an unswept and dusty floor, with his head reclined

on a chair, and his hands fallen carelessly from him.

By the light that came through the door which they had opened, they discerned that he was squalid, wan, emaciated.

Since the heart cleaving news that his JUDITH was his sister, now upward of a fortnight, he had neither washed, shaved, nor shifted, nor readied his tangled locks of once shining curls. He had eaten, as the fierceness of hunger at times incited, a part of what was brought him, he neither knew nor cared what. But, a bed he had not known, having slept just where he happened to sink, on a chair, or more generally upon the unspread floor. And he had closed up all the windows, in order to shut out the world and the detested glare of the sun, that he might have nothing to contemplate, save the objects that dwelt within his soul.

The Earl slept and opened a shutter, whereupon BEAUCHAMP just raised his languid head, and looked wonderingly about him.

They



They got on either side, and, looking down upon him, they hung over him in the anguish of soul-pressing affection.

Ah, my Saviour, exclaimed the Countess, I doubt we are come too late !—If we tell him, said the Earl, the stroke of sudden joy will cut his feeble thread in twain.—And, if we do not, replied the Countess, in all likelihood he has not many hours to live.

On hearing the known voices, he raised his sunk eyes. Is it you my father, he said ; is it you, my dearest mother ? And then his tears, drop by drop, rolled down his cheeks in silence.—The parents were suffocated by their sorrow—they were not able to speak, but fobbed out their complaints.

The Countess at length said, Will you permit us, my son, to help to raise and seat you upon the bed ?—We have wonderful things to tell you—blessed tidings indeed—things that might nearly awaken the dead to life.—Alas, he answered, I have done with tidings, my mother.—But, do with me as ye please—I wish to be able to conform to your pleasure in all things. They

They then helped to raise and seat him on the foot of the bed; and each of them took a chair, and sat, partly before, and partly beside him, to watch the several turns and changes of his countenance.

My child, said the Earl, affectionately taking hold of his hand, why do you not ask what the tidings may be that we have to tell you?—Sure we begin to suspect that JULIET is not your sister. Not my sister! cried the youth, and started at once to his feet, as in his former vigour; but, speedily relaxing, he sunk down again to his wonted despondence.

O, said he, it is kindly, very kindly meant indeed. Ye wish me to live, my beloved parents; and I also wish to do every thing that might minister comfort to you, my parents!—But, I have met with such sudden and cruel reverses in life, that I must not lightly suppose that any good can be toward me.

I assure you, my darling, said the Countess, as she rose, and sat by his side, and folded her arms about him; I assure you that we have



have examined every witness, and canvassed every circumstance; and we finally find, without the possibility of controversion, that JULIET is not your sister.

Well madam, said he, with an alarming kind of quietism, suppose it to be as you say,—yet some other direful incident shall sister her to me again; or some other unthought of gulph shall be suddenly sunk between us, and sunder us for ever.

Would ye believe it, my dearest parents, that, on the morning which seemed to open so blissfully upon our nuptials, a gloom and weight of boding lay heavy upon my soul. My heart told me that some sudden, some doomful stroke was at hand. And, though no other sinister accident might arrive, I assured myself I should instantly fall dead of some fit, before my trembling limbs should bear me to the bridal bed.

It is true, I had deemed the blessing too exalted for mortality. That is still my persuasion; it is not, it cannot be reserved for me, my father!

You

You are low, you are sick, my love, your spirits are quite exhausted, said the tender Countess.—Do—go to your bed, my darling; on your duty we implore, we even command it of you.—On the morrow, I will bring your JULIET to visit you.—But, you must promise me not to wash, or change your present plight in any particular, till your true love shall behold what it is you have suffered for her.

In the mean time, I will go and prepare a composing draught for you.—And your JULIET, henceforward, shall be your nursekeeper and physician. She shall cheer you with her sight, and revive you by her smiles, and medicine you by the ministration of all things with her own hand; till you shall make us all happy, by being once more restored to us, my son.

Come—you must be amenable to the higher orders, my Tommy,—and, so saying, she rang the bell, for the servants to come and put their young lord to bed.

Down went her ladyship; and the Earl, tenderly taking his son to his arms, kissed his cheek, and wished him good night and good repose.

His.



His two valets then entered, with his Jefferson at their head, all rejoicing to be admitted once more to his presence. They looked at him in a mute and deeply grieved astonishment, but suppressed the tokens of their affliction, till they had laid him in bed. Jefferson then sat down by him in a silent flow of tears, and the two valets went apart, each to weep in a corner.

He had lately hired the two latter, as a physiognomist, conformable to his hidden feelings; and they accordingly proved very honest, and very loving fellows.

My lady now came up with some restoratives and a plentiful draught of sack-whey; and having ministered them to him, she stooped, kissed his forehead, and wished him good rest.

He awoke not, till about the same hour on the following evening, during all which time the watchful Jefferson never left his bed's head.

They all began to be alarmed at his sleeping so very long. But, to console themselves for his absence, the four happiest of parents got  
their

their JULIET among them, each striving to have as much of her as they could to themselves.

As soon as they were informed of their son's being awake and dressed, the Countess proposed the scheme of conducting his JULIET to him, and they all yearned to be partakers of the interesting scene.

She was introduced to her Tommy, by her quaternion of parents, all-glorious, as they insisted, in her late illustrious apparel.

He, though much refreshed, was scarce to be discerned as any way altered from his late emaciated condition.

JULIET would have embraced him, would have crushed him into her spirit: but, she affectingly recoiled, she shrunk inward at the sight!—She gazed at him, in a still and afflicted amazement; and cuttingly reflecting, with a depth of remorse, that she herself might have brought him to this deplorable state, she cast aside the regards due to all who were present, and threw herself on a seat, in a passion of rueful and unappeasable tears.

BEAUCHAMP



BEAUCHAMP could be no longer restrained ; he enforced the weakness of his powers, and rising and getting to her, he sunk upon his knees : but, all the parents got about him, and, constraining him to rise, they led him back to his seat.

Pray, said he, how long have I slept ? something more than four-and twenty hours, answered the Earl. It must have been a week at least, said the son. Why, I dreamed that I held my JULIET to my bosom, for four-and-twenty hours, in one blessed embrace ; and again she was spirited from me, I knew not how nor by whom, and I travelled over all the countries of Europe in her search.

They now rung for his servants, and all left their darling Tom to be new modelled by their hands.

Thus cherished and caressed, and attended on by all ; with peace in his bosom, and joy swelling in his prospects ; his angel ministering his regimen, and seldom out of his delighted eye ; it was impossible but he should recover and get well apace.

At length he was permitted to take his airings in the coach, with his two mothers seated before him, and his JULIET by his side. For the two elder ladies never left the lovers a moment by themselves ; they watched them, like two duennas ; and had farther resolved not to permit a more endearing intercourse, till their son's strength as well as health should be perfectly re-established.

JULIET, by this time, looked happier, fairer, plumper, more beautiful than ever. Her lover too wanted little of being wholly restored to his usual health and vigour.

In the mean space, the four happy parents of these more than happy children had settled all relative matters among themselves. They were justly apprehensive of the sportive and libertine imaginations of an ill natured world, as arbitrary as malicious in its vague and dam-natory surmifings : they, therefore, agreed totally to suppress and bury the mystery and late discovery of the births of their respective children ; and they finally resolved, that their Tommy and their JULIET should retain their accustomed names ; that young BEAUCHAMP should



should continue to be the reputed child and inheritor of the title and fortunes of the earl of CRANFIELD; and that JULIET, on her part, should be equally entitled to the parental affections and immense fortune of Mr. and Mrs. GRENVILLE.

Time, however dilatory, must come to its periods.—At length, the long, the very long ages of days prescribed by his dearly reverend mothers, expired, and lord Thomas was admitted to the privileges of a husband.

With what equal delight, of a long time after, did the parents, with enamoured looks, dwell on the downcast and blushing timidity of their JULIET, as also on the emboldened delicacy and raptured regards of their Thomas!

Could any thing equal the bliss of a family so wholly one; so living in all and in each other? Yes, it might yet admit of encrease.

In time, their eyes brought the transporting tidings to their heart that their JULIET was pregnant. O, with what tender, what melting feelings did her Tommy behold the alteration

of her shape ! how he watched over and round about her ! how lovingly he enforced the first instances of his empire, in enjoining her to be cautious of any quick or sudden motion ! how assiduous he was in entertaining and supplying her fancy with all sorts of pleasing and delightful ideas ! how solicitous to prohibit and keep aloof all objects that might nauseate or shock her imagination ! in short he was the tenderest the tremblingest of fathers, before his JULIET could properly be accounted a mother.

In due season, the wished, the tremendous hour came. The domestics, from one end of the house to the other, were hurrying, whispering, and enquiring, in trembling agitation. The husband and the fathers were on their knees, in a near apartment, with hands and streaming eyes lifted up to heaven for mercy, on the consort ! on the child !—In a neighbouring room sat a male physician the most eminent of those skilled in the obstetric art, but straitly forbidden to approach, till life should be declared to be imminently in danger ; while, in the chamber of anguish, two skilful females attended, with the mothers on either side, encouraging their angel by the cheerfulness of their voices and aspects. She,



She, patient faint, did her utmost to keep in the expression of her pangs, and even to smooth the contractions of her ruefully sweet countenance; while she consoled herself with the longing hope, of soon seeing the dear face of the loved image of her so dearly beloved lord, that little image, which, in the height and excess of all her sufferings, she felt that she loved far, far above herself. In fine, however, she remembered her anguish no more, for joy that a man-child was born into the world.

Instantly the tidings flew from room to room, throughout the triumphing family. But the husband and the fathers still continued on their knees, in heart-springing hallelujahs offered up and exhaling to the footstool of the throne of graciousness.

At length our naked and new-born was dressed and decorated; the father and grandfathers were admitted, and he was delivered, in rotation, to the arms of the enraptured circle.

Here was a fresh source of new sensibilities now opened in JULIET; feelings of a distinct

species from all she had ever known before throughout the expanse of her affections : and she bent over her babe, with a love that had something more tender, more melting, more of the pouring out of the soul in it, than all her other loves.

What should she do now to answer so many calls, so many drafts upon her heart, by fathers, by mothers, by husband, by child ? was she to be divided ?—Not at all,—the several objects of her affections served as fuel to her own flame ; and she was thereby enabled to pay them all in specie, love for love intense.

No arguments, respecting health, or danger, or the delicacy of constitution, could dissuade her from suckling this little portion of herself. She felt inexpressible pleasure in the act of yielding forth its nourishment, which she ministered from flesh and blood of such a transparent purity, as could have nothing beneath the virtues of nectar and ambrosia in it.

One evening, as the mimic creature lay nuzzling under the veil of a cambric handkerchief, lord Thomas sat opposite, gazing in speechless



speechless delight: permit me, JULIET, said he at length—I will give you a thousand pounds for one peep. No friend, said she, not for all you are worth.—You have nothing to say to it, it belongs to this little wretch here; and she pressed him closer to her bosom.

At times, he and his JULIET would stand at opposite distances, and toss their crowing babe from the one to the other, without fear of his falling, through carelessness, by the way. The four parents would sit, ecstatic spectators of these sportive scenes — while the angels of love and purity looked down delighted.

I would not chuse to pursue this subject much farther. The summer and serenity of life has little entertaining, save to the interested parties: and the catastrophe of all that's mortal has a dreariness in it which I do not wish to arrive at. Yet, something more may be necessary, respecting the characters of this consummate pair.

Lord BEAUCHAMP, in grateful acknowledgment of the blessings he enjoyed, so superior,

rior, as he deemed, to the blessings poured on any who stepped upon earth, added to the pensioners of his JULIET an equal number, who eat the daily bread of his bounty ; inso-much, that, when he and the bride of his Eden rode out in their chaise and four, to give their little one an airing, they could not avoid the notice and prayers of their numerous dependents. The eye blessed them as they passed ; the hands of strangers rose up in admiration of the workmanship of the Creator ; and the sight pursued and strained after, till nothing but the idea of them remained upon the mind.

Our Thomas, he knew not why, felt himself, contradictorily, at once obliged and grateful, yet inwardly hurt and disgusted, by the perpetuity and multiplicity of praises and worldly respects. He shrunk from them ; he wished to avoid them ; he longed to leave them behind, and to put the former dream of his plan of rural happiness in execution.

He was active, and fond of exercise ; and, in order to realize his vision, he rode out through all the shires within sixty miles of London,



London, to find a place capable of his imaginary elysium.

At length he pitched upon and purchased one altogether to his taste, where nature was lavish of wood and water, hill and dale, but where art and even culture were hitherto strangers.

This tract of ground was very extensive, greatly varied, and strongly contrasted in the parts. After long doubting, comparing, and ruminating, he fixed upon an elegant and elevated situation; where he ordered a spacious and roomy mansion of one story to be built, with commodious offices, but all in the country stile.

A tumbling river founded and serpentized in full prospect of the front: beyond the river a lake met and then fled the eye: beyond the lake again, mis-shapen and grotesque hills, partly naked and partly crowned with trees of various size and hue, seemed to wish to preclude from any farther vision; but the sight passed between and over, till it reached  
the

the horizon, where fancy widened onward, and was left to stretch to infinitude.

Before lord Thomas returned to town, he appointed and stationed out where he would have his villas opened, and his walks to be winded; not across, but evasive of rock and steepy glen; where the sight and imagination should never be wholly stopped, but left, as it were, progressive to something new, and hitherto unseen; where art should meekly serve as the hand-maid to nature, not to reform but adorn her, agreeably to her own genuine and graceful propensities; and, where the eye and the foot should go on, and on, wandering in a labyrinth of delights, without obstacle or end.

In some months after, this thrice happy family came down to their new seat of paradisiacal delights. Hail; hail to the renewal of the age of golden innocence! to the scenes of primæval and beatifying simplicity! so celebrated by pristine seers, so sung by raptured bards! Thrice hail, I say again, to the Utopias, fortunate islands, and ancient gardens of the Hesperides! Here they were all realized,



ized, here they sprung anew and bloomed abroad. Here angels moved, invisible, side by side with the inhabitants; and the voice of God himself was heard amidst the garden, in the midst of every heart, as well in the heat as in the cool of the day.

The four parents were still hale and active for their years, and they delightedly joined in all the sportive amusements of their children and rural visitants, which Lord Thomas modelled and ordered as nearly as possible to the heavenly sports which he had seen in his visions of the night-season.

At other times, the fathers and mothers would range, with their Tommy and their JULIET, through the copses and woods, in search of bird's-nests, in order to furnish a capacious aviary which they had in one of the summer-houses.

Every evening and morning, JULIET used to assist her husband in laying out plots for flowers; but, more frequently, borders for salubrious and sanative herbage and plants for the poor. But she was not as Milton's Eve;  
she

she never chose to wander, or forsake the side, to which her heart perpetually beat according unisons.

Lord Thomas was priest and prophet to his own household; and every morning and evening, on the opening and close of day, the members of the family were universally convened, and he prayed for them and with them, either according to the sacred form of the liturgy of our church, or, at times, in a spontaneous flow of awful, or of raptured elocution, that poured from a heart of piety through lips of delight.

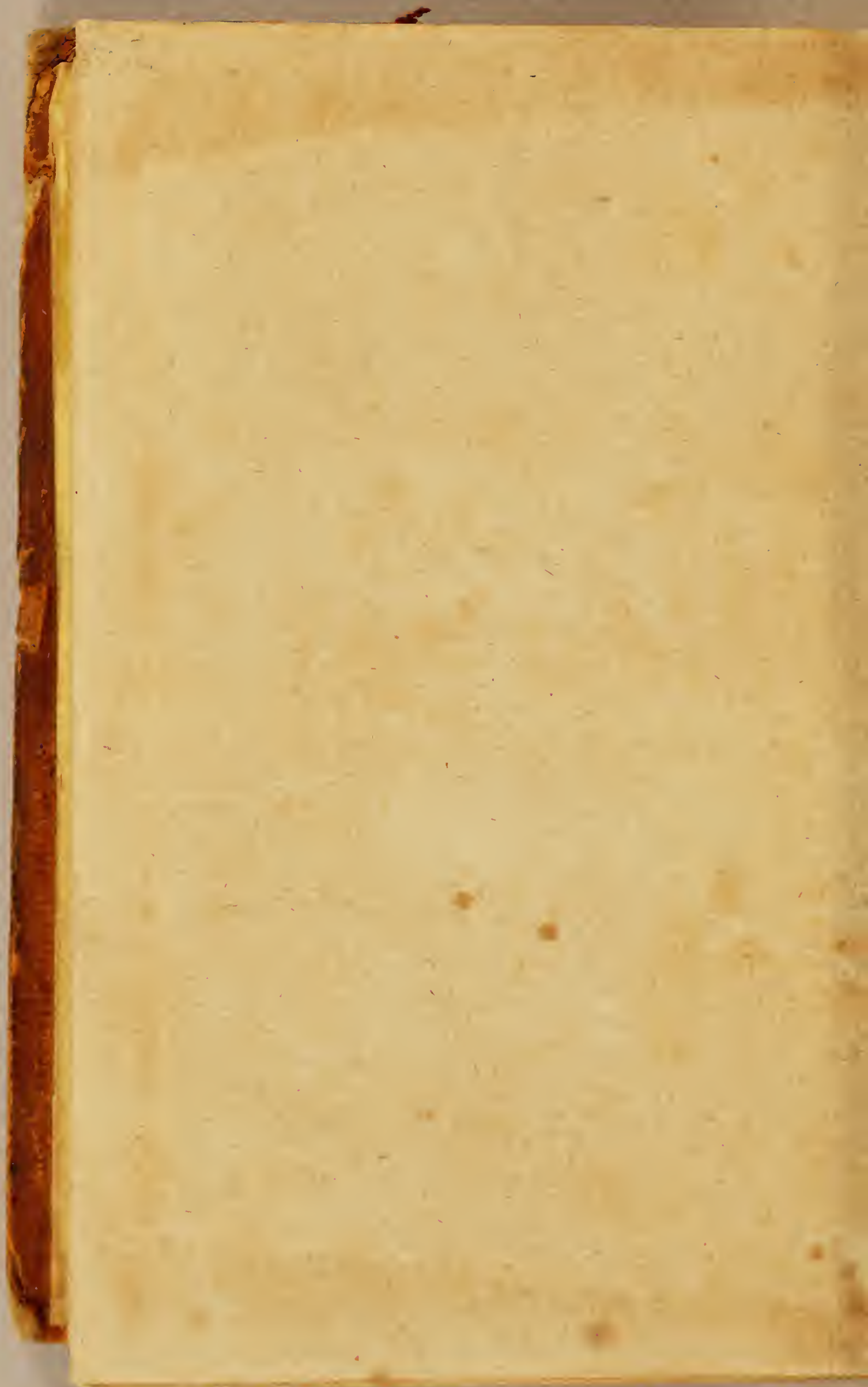
Again his JULIET became pregnant; so that, whether he looked before him, or whether he looked behind him, thus happily fathered and fathering, he saw himself begirt with blessings.

Close, close the blissful scene!—lest some casual cloud should come to over cast it.

THE END.









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